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THE MIRROR

WINTER ISSUE

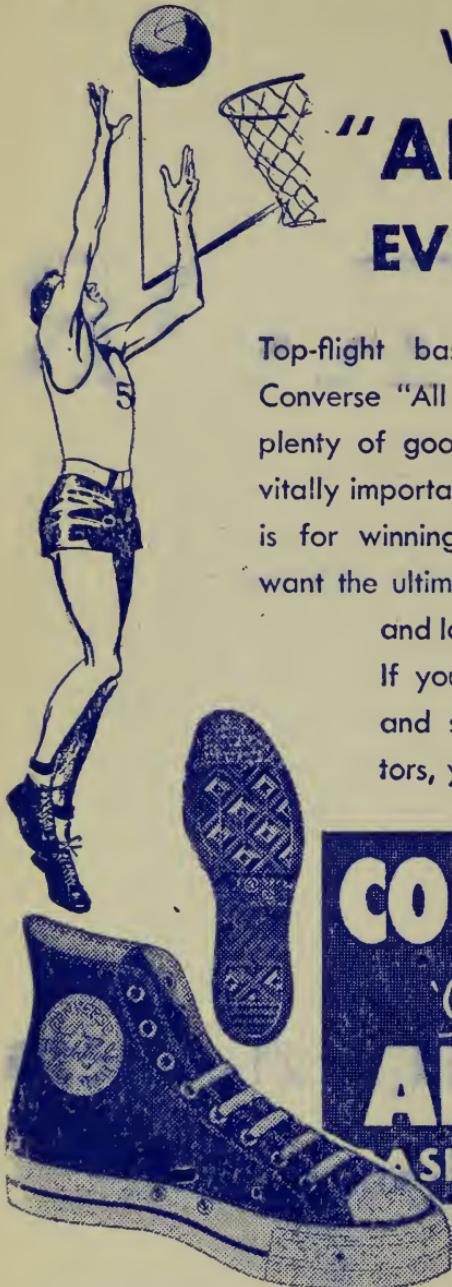
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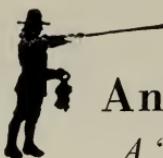


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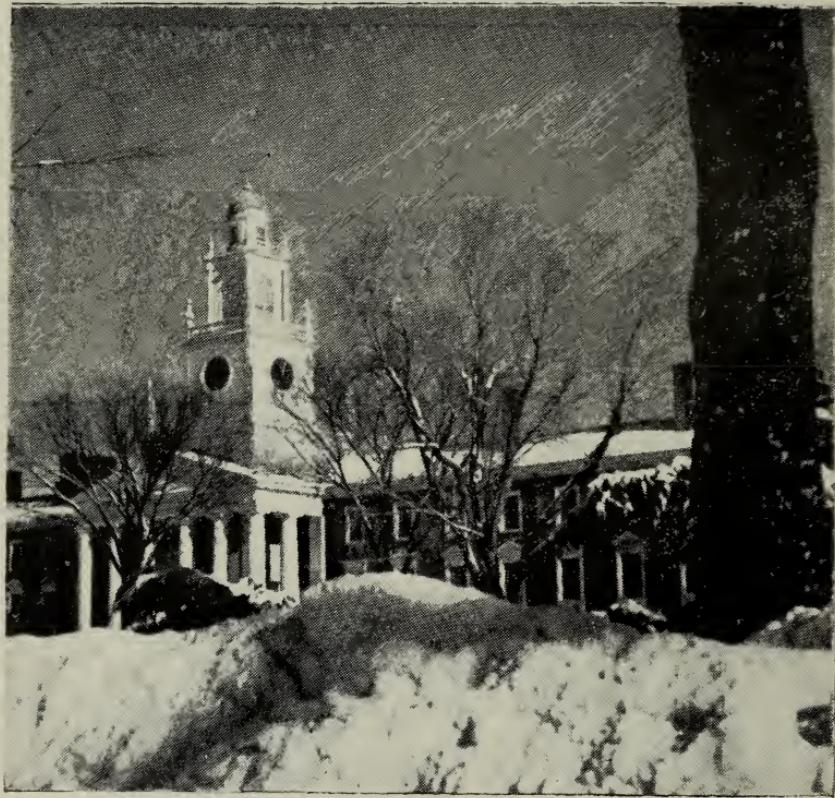
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THE MIRROR

PHILLIPS ACADEMY
Andover, Massachusetts



CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1	
IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY, SEPTEMBER 1947	<i>A. Schoeller</i>	5
THE STRETCHING	<i>C. Poore</i>	11
THE CITY	<i>B. J. Lee</i>	12
OF HUMOR	<i>A. G. Schwartz</i>	15
POEM	<i>K. F. Stuckey</i>	18
LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER		19
AFTERNOON PATTERPATTENS	<i>J. B. Lanes</i>	22
ART SECTION		23
AMERICA IN MY MIND	<i>J. Ehrnberg</i>	27

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THE MIRROR

VOLUME 89

FOUNDED 1854

NUMBER 1

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EDITORIAL

This is a fable about a boy and what he thought about, one evening in the middle of winter (gee it was cold outside), and like most fables there are a couple of deep morals at the end.

In his left hand he was turning around a piece of clay that evening. He just felt sleepy, and he solemnly watched his thumb as it pushed into shape the lump he was holding.

Someone looked over. "What're you doing?"

"Huh? Oh, playing with a piece of clay."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I, I got it."

Someone else came in. "Hi there."

"Hi."

"Say, what's that?"

"Piece of clay."

"Oh. You making a head?"

"I guess so."

"I see . . . What time's the game start tomorrow? Going? . . . Well, so long."

"So long."

The other guy had to go away, he did not have the time to fool around with a dumb old thing like a piece of clay. He was in a rush, and on the paths of this school or the pavement lanes of the city you see these men hurrying slowly past each other.

In the room he kept on pushing the clay, kept on remembering how once upon a time he had had fun with it, out in the dirt of the country or corner lot. Then, besides the toys and the playgrounds and yippee gangs, there were heaps of gooey mud and smeary pictures, laughing at life in big blobs. He was joyfully splattered with art, and now he tried to wash behind the years.

All sorts of museums were seen every day, from the one he was taken to on a morning jaunt, to the plants wrapped up in a pot or window box to fit a cluttered apartment.

He remembered, too, how his mother read to him, from a picture-book Bible, or about a train and how it chugged up the steep steep hill puff puff puff, or the Knights of the Round Table, the Just-So Stories, Reddy Fox, Thorne Smith, Peter Rabbit, Snow White and the Seven Seas, Sinbad the Sailor and the Wizard of Oz; or someone would make up a story, and he wanted it to last and last. Then what happened?

And while he was young a friend said, "Keep at it" "draw me a picture" "nice catch" "ummmm that's good." There was that poke, once, to start him off. But he forgot about the friend; he left this simple heritage, when Christ became a cussword, when a naughty child was a goddamned ohwhatyousaid nuisance; when he prowled, rode on a bike (a two-wheeler), to get some place, not just to ride on a bike. Funnies and stories lively with age made the community laugh in the crowd life that was forming.

"C'mon, let's."

He always had a good time with his friends, he thought, yawning. They sat there, before the tinderless fireplace, talking together, washed the curriculum down with the big sex, practiced yogi (bet you can't put your foot behind your head), read *weak-old* magazines, saw that someone had snipped another inch from cord from the center light, listened, tiredly. Jeez, he said, it's 11:30. He looked up at the naked bulb above and went blind for a minute.

Pete picked up a book with this right hand. This was the third novel he'd read by this guy, and he got bored being told how to think, chapter by chapter. He was always walking with notebook under arm to the usual tests. He wanted to do something on his own, to be fresh, to be inspired a little. Well, (he took another bite out of a cracker), they didn't have to pass a law to allow him to create, (and writing is not a sheet of paper, it can be, it is, the fiber of the sheet, it can be force, it can be love).

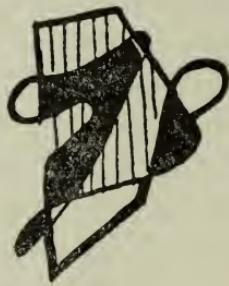
He pressed the clay some more, and pretty soon he was asleep. . . .

It would be nice if there were a place where people who like to fiddle with things could fiddle constructively, as Pete wanted to do, maybe. There could be a home for doodlers where they could wander in and wander out and see what other people were doing. There could be plenty of easels

with enormous charcoal crayons and loin-clothed voodooists sitting cross-legged around a pyre of notes said to be taken in class and lighting so indirect it was total darkness and cheerfulness and different projects to work on and and and. The way it is here, movements peter out at unknown meetings. At this place, anyone would be able to find out what he liked, instead of feeling repressed because he had to do jobs assigned to him that he never wanted.

He could still come back and remember the unhurt glee of his childhood, and that is the wonderful thing, he remembered. He hoped everyone might be happier now, whistling with the Seven Dwarfs or a train on a level track. But, after all, he was asleep, dreaming.

Someone turn off the light. It's wasting power.



IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY

September 1947

By A. Schoeller

The author spent two weeks in Germany early this fall, and this article was written from notes taken during this trip.

IT was late in the afternoon as the North Express pulled into its first German stop. Throngs of tattered people hugged the platform, and began piling into the third class coaches before the train stopped. In a moment I found the seats on either side of me occupied by two lean, thirtyish-looking men, each carrying two battered suitcases. The two, who were apparently companions, scrutinized the other passengers carefully, and instantly spotted me as an American because of my clothing. They seemed anxious to talk despite my Andover, German 2 German. They turned out to be high class black marketeers, their suitcases filled with silver fox pelts which they were carrying to Frankfort where they would do business with American Army officers. Before long they were appraising all my clothing in terms of cigarettes and soap, and trying to get out of me what I carried in my suitcase.

I had to change to another train section before we came to Hamburg. A German helped me move my bags to my new compartment, and, as I had no marks, I tipped him three cigarettes. As soon as he had left, the British soldiers in my new compartment remarked that I couldn't have been around Germany long. A half a cigarette, they said, was more than enough of a tip.

The sight to the ruins of Hamburg was overpowering. The eight p. m. semi-darkness lent an eerie atmosphere to it all. Here and there a light showed that there was life in the

undestroyed parts of some buildings, but most Hamburgers live underground in made-over cellars, many of which are still intact. I failed to see one undamaged building in Hamburg.

I first became aware of what might be called the "New German Smell" as we drew into Hamburg. It is an odor which one smells in any destroyed German city, indeed in any German city, as all cities of any size have been very badly bombed. The Tommies in my train compartment explained to me that thousands and thousands of bodies lie decaying under the ruins, and this decomposition causes a strong smell, mixed with the smell of charred ruins, dust, rubble and stagnant water. The Tommies also told me (they belonged to an engineering unit) that there are strict orders to remove only the most essential rubble in most cities, as the uncovering of partially decayed corpses might create serious disease conditions.

While we waited in the station, German children stood begging on the platforms for food.

That night the train roared South through city after city, ruin after ruin. Two Estonian refugees tried to sleep on the compartment floor. A hollow-eyed old German glared at me from the corner. The Tommies had a bottle.

I struggled off the train at 5:30 a.m. in Dusseldorf, and paid the equivalent in marks of two and a half cigarettes for a two-hour train trip to Wupertal. Luckily, I got a bench seat in a converted freight car. In Wupertal I had to wait three hours for my next train. I ordered some bouillion in the waiting room of the station, and was served a cup of hot water with artificial brown coloring. No sense ordering anything at all, said a doctor I sat with; the lemonade is cold water with a yellow coloring and the coffee is mostly ground acorns. I opened my pack, and dug out a few chocolate bars. I gave one to a small boy, who stood watching me. He showed

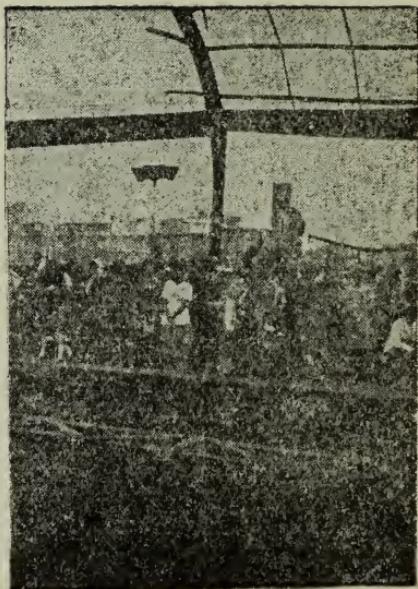
it gleefully to his mother at the next table, who took it, and told him to tell me he had a baby sister too.

The children of the people I visited were overjoyed with the toys, but they would sit for hours smelling cakes of American toilet soap. The first night I was in Germany, all of the people with whom I stayed became sick. The cheese and salami I had brought were too rich for the German stomach. I was glad I had taken enough cigarettes. About nine packs were enough to buy hard coal to heat the seven-room house I was in for most of the winter.

When news got around the small town of Langenberg that there was an American there, people came to see me. They were very eager to talk. However, the topics of conversation were usually the same. People invariably talked about food conditions and about Germany in General. The only topic not dealing directly with Germany that people brought up, was that of a third World War, which most Germans seem to expect before long. After two days on the ration (and I cheated by stealing several pears) I kept looking at my watch in expectation of the next "meal". One day on a train between Dusseldorf and Cologne the eyes of everyone in the compartment suddenly rested on a woman opening a lunch pack. "My God!" said the man next to me, "An egg!".

"But you have so much in America," women wailed to me, "Why don't you help us? You said you would help us when we stopped the war, in the pamphlets you dropped during the bombing."

The Communist party in Western Germany today is still comparatively small, but growing and aggressive. The conditions, inflation, and confused, discontented minds of Germans are the best Communist raw material. Many Russian-trained Communist agitators are among German displaced persons infiltrating West, and among German war prisoners, returning from Russia in large numbers.



Most of these war prisoners are shriveled, stooped. When they are rundown to the point where they are no longer useful to the Russians as slave labor, they are shipped home to the ruins of Western Germany, to be cared for by the American and British taxpayer.

A healthy-looking returning war prisoner, better-dressed and not as lean as his companions, was addressing a group of civilians in Wuppertal station about five p.m. one day. I joined the crowd and heard the speaker telling the people that Communism was Germany's only salvation, and that Russia wanted a free, prosperous Germany as an ally. As he spoke, a thickset railroad worker strode up, took the speaker by the collar, and, looking him straight into his eyes, said:

"I'm a Jugoslav. My country learned too late,—and you dare spout out that trash! Look at your comrades, you fool." He pointed to the other ragged, hollow ex-soldiers, who, sitting on their small packs, only stared vacantly in front of them.

The situation of the millions of ex-Czech, Polish and Eastern-Zone Germans, who now flood the already over-crowded Western German Zones, is tragic. These Germans are unknown, unwanted, and without connections of any sort. They are homeless, without possessions, and without enough food and clothing. I met a minister, who had just slipped out of the Russian Zone with his two children. He was going back, for, as he said, his duty was to his parish, but he was trying to find a home for his two emaciated children. For the better part of one hour that man literally held me in the street telling me about the conditions in the Russian Zone of Germany. Trainload upon trainload of "repatriations" flow daily eastward, the man said, Russian troops even stripping private homes of bedding, fixtures, and cooking utensils. Men and women with right-of-center political affilia-

tions disappear during the night. Boys from sixteen upwards are taken for forced labor.

German youth in the West is bewildered. Boys and girls under twenty-five hardly remember any existence before Hitler and the Nazis. All the standards and values—the whole way of life taught by the Nazis, is now knocked out from under the German youth, and a complete daze is all that is left. Into this vacuum, however, to some degree at least, there seems to have come a certain drive, a drive which is lacking among the adult Germans. German youth, particularly between the ages of fifteen and twenty, wants desperately to learn. It cries out for contact with the world. It is the only group in Germany optimistic enough to look to the future at all hopefully.

"We turn left, we turn right—we go completely under Russian domination—we are destroyed by atom bombs. I don't care any more what happens to us!" A man dying from the lack of proper food and medical care told me this. "But one thing is certain," he added. "Nothing could be worse than what we have now, and Germany cannot remain in the balance forever. Out of all this mess something must emerge." And what emerges from the vacuum of Western Germany is of vital interest to the United States in the ever-shrinking world. The fate of Western Germany is inseparably bound to that of all Western Europe whether we like it or not. Germany is our problem.

THE STRETCHING

By C. Poore

Quickening dawn, crescendo, sends the sky
Across the widening light.
Where a man can reach straight out
Or stand and think exultantly
All by himself.

The once of the whisperless morning is gone.
Cartonlike, the world unwraps:
Urban or rural components
Awake to their vertical vigor to see
And admire with appropriate comment
This expected marvel of daytime.

Still, the sunstreamy freshness decreases; dims
To a soft fluorescence.
Quieter people,
A little uneasy,
Matching their stride to the length of the shadows,
Wait for the turned-on evening brightness.
With the night
Shades are pulled down
And the sky is shut out.

THE CITY

By B. J. Lee

THE great city stretched endlessly under the sky. Its skyscrapers blinked gently, blending into the blackness. Above the buildings the cloudless heaven merged with anonymity into the sea.

Along the Hudson the waves upon the piers slapped at the stillness. A heavy fog was blowing in, which muffled even the occasional clanging of the buoys in the harbor. A few lamps stood stolidly along the wharves and outlined the giant ships against their blurry background. All was intensely peaceful at such a late hour, even on Saturday night.

Over on Fifty Second street were the bright lights and restless jazz of all the small night clubs. The street seemed nervous; everyone was trying too hard to have a good time. Now and then a few formally dressed people would lurch out to the sidewalk and hail a cab. It was raining and getting cold.

Mrs. Schuyler pulled her baby back on to its bed with a low curse. Babies were always hungry. Pretty damn soon there wouldn't be any more food. The mister was always sick. His friends were a swell bunch too, swell as they come! Maybe all men are bastards. They come into the big world on doorsteps, in boxes, delivered. Will you sign for a life? To hell with nosey saints. Somehow though, she believed he would come back. He was bigger than the rest of his pals. She pulled the grimy blanket over her head and shut her eyes over two big tears. West Thirty Ninth street was silent.

The young sailor looked across at his girl. Her eyes met his with a deep, deep understanding. Blowing his roll at the Stork Club was one way to prove he really loved her. She reached across the table and caught his hand. He ordered two more ginger ales. This girl was special. Then as she looked at

him they both arose and started towards the dance floor. As he danced he pressed his mouth against her cheek and smelled her freshness. As their theme song played, he closed his eyes with tense oblivion. The ginger ale on their table was bubbling softly, sending tiny amber drops above the glasses on to the tablecloth.

On Broadway everyone was feeling alive. The last mob from the late movie shows was moving toward the subway. Even at one o'clock on Sunday morning, Nedick's was doing a straining business. A smell of stale hamburgers and watery orange drink hung over the yellow stand, as the babbling of people murmured through the night, bustling beyond the small world that was Nedick's and into the city.

She straightened her back and moved across the street, then stopped by the corner. A man across from her halted and turned around. She tossed her hair from a young tired face and closed her eyes for a moment. The man came up behind her and they walked away together. The Bowery looked bleak as rain dribbled down the windshield of a passing cab. Even through the rest of the city the rain seemed to be trying to wash the sin away. Chinatown, Harlem, the suburbs of Queens, even Gracie Square were being drowned by the sudden downpour. The fire hydrants looked out of place. They seemed to be trying to hide.

At three o'clock the crowd on Times Square was thinning out. Mr. Schuyler minced his uneasy way through the antagonistic faces. There must be more to life than just a few drinks. When he had married he had thought so. His wife; why the hell didn't he believe in himself? He used to believe in fairy tales, didn't he? As he paused for the light, he took another long drink from a bottle which seemed to appear suddenly in his hand. All of a sudden he felt sorry for his little damn family. Christ, women had always helped him; honey. He ran his hand over his unshaven face and wondered.

An orange taxi passed slowly by. Why were there so many orange taxis at this time of night? Peculiar. The whole business bothered him. Again the bottle appeared in his hand. The light had changed. The crowd again began to jostle him, but he stayed where he was, leaning against a lightpost, thinking. He watched the feet go by. Why didn't he have pressed pants and clean polished shoes? He didn't even have a sexy pair of legs. The lamp gave off too much light. He shut his eyes and reached for the bottle. It was empty. He threw it down contemptuously. The light changed again. As he walked slowly across the street the dimmed lights of an orange taxicab brought him out in sharp shadows against a moving background.

Over on West Thirty Ninth street the pitiful wail of a baby seemed to synchronize with the murmurs of a curious crowd gathered on Broadway and Forty Third. The rain had stopped, and the stars again had begun to come out. It was very beautiful on Park Avenue.



OF HUMOR

By A. G. Schwartz

SAID Thackeray, "True humor springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. Indeed, humor is a mixture of love and wit, and therefore, being of the nature of love, should not behave itself unseemly."

This is a big world. Great tasks are set. It is the task of art to retain certain impressions in our mind forever; it is the task of science to arrange certain facts in orderly sequence; it is the task of theology to help explain the eternal forces. But there are many things which fall outside the scope of art, science and theology. These anomalies tend to jolt man's fused pattern of ideas and cause him to reflect on his wisdom. Because of these unclassified realities, humor becomes necessary. One naturally admires the useful, the beautiful, and the perfect. Humor, is the enjoyment of the imperfect and the incongruous. In truth, if there were a place for everything in the universe and everything were in its place, there would be little or no place for humor. It would also follow from this that the existence of humor is impossible in a man with a one-track mind, since humor requires at least two ideas moving toward each other from different directions to cause a collision.

The high place that humor holds in our mental processes becomes evident when we consider that it is almost the only sequence of thoughts which requires that we shall be thoroughly awake. When Thackeray classifies humor as a combination of love and wit, he is, in effect, comparing humor to a glass of soda water in which love comprises the pure liquid while wit corresponds to the effervescence. An-

other element in real humor is a certain detachment of mind. The small boy who pins a piece of paper to his teacher's coat is often too full of fear and precarious joy to appreciate the situation; the master himself is hardly likely to see the touch of humor. On the other hand, an impartial observer recalling similar pranks of his own will probably "reap the fruits of the perilous journey". It is the purpose of humor of another variety, kindly humor, to take a person full of flaws and weaknesses and suddenly to reveal his unsuspected nobleness. Such a type of humor is exhibited by Mr. Great Heart in John Bunyan's "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

Dixit Frank Colby: "Men will confess to treason, murder, arson, or a wig, but how many of them will own up to a lack of humor?" It is no wonder that people hesitate to admit such a shortcoming. One has only to consider the great assets of humor to appreciate its importance in human relations. Take for example the cases of Martin Luther and Abraham Lincoln. Although facing vastly different problems, it was largely as a result of having a sense of humor that both accomplished as much as they did. Only rarely does a reformer come along whose zeal is mingled with humor. That is what made Martin Luther so effective. He struck heavy blows at the idols men adored, and yet remained popular among most of those same people. His Table Talk penetrated circles which were well protected against his theological treatises. Men were conscious of his good humor and were not long in seeing the kindly twinkle in his eye before he knocked them down. The humor of Martin Luther also suggests that of Abraham Lincoln. Both as men of the people had a somewhat earthy sense of humor. The surprise of a grave statesman when Lincoln would precede a serious discussion of state affairs with a homely anecdote of the frontier was comparable to the feeling of the theologian of the sixteenth century who heard Luther tell tales about the pre-

tensions of the monks of his day.

But rather than parallel the history of humor with the civilizations of mankind in order to show how basic humor is, a quick look at such a serious work as our Bible reveals elements of humor. Take for example the statement: "And he said, 'Saddle me the ass:' and they saddled him."

Humor is not always as straight-forward and self-evident as this, for the real difficulty is not in understanding what is said, but in appreciating that which should be taken for granted. Indeed, in view of the multitude of incongruities about us, it may be said that "though Wisdom goes on laborious journeys, and comes home bringing the treasures from afar; Humor matches them, every one, with what she has found in her dooryard."

POEM

K. F. Stuckey

I saw
Upon a hill
A man
Whose life was gone.
Not dead,
He breathed,
Yet,
His life was gone.

He seemed
Seventy,
Or more,
Yet,
Not wise with age
Just old.

He stood
By a tree
A bent
And crooked pair,
Looking
At a field

I couldn't tell
Why
He looked,
Perhaps
In it he saw
Himself.

Some men
Can look
At a field
And see
God.

Looking Over Your Shoulder

"AFTER years of vain hopes, after spasmodic periods of enthusiasm, the crusade for a new Gymnasium has taken on a more promising phase. The Phillipian began a movement towards a new building to which it contributed the zeal of many articles. A few years ago the ardor was once more aroused by a memorable school meeting in which the school pledged in all nearly two thousand dollars. A graduate of the class of '60 has come forward and offered the exceedingly"

Don't wonder about this good man, around a hundred and five and in his third childhood; the words are from a fifty-two-year-old back issue. You can find it leaning against other issues down in the protected files of the Library, in a corner section closed off by a wire fence. Bound in pebbled-brown covers and written in precious type, these old copies are the monthly lore of setting generations, some of them hermits since the time of the Dred Scott decision.

You have to linger when you turn the pages that are the sad rich tone of age. Touch them, and they say hello, quietly. They say, take it easy; they go on humming to themselves, and they bring another wicker chair nearer to the grate for you to sit in and take a quick pull up the chimney. The light-bulb was always a candle, or a torch or a match.

They are solid people, and this is the ease in their hardness. Between the pages you want to find a pressed leaf, a flaky shred of summer, kept together by the greying color, but all there is is the edge of a thumbprint.

Houses were ramshackle, and the plumbing was a drop in the bucket.

They used to have a banjo club, sometime, must have gone out with the minstrels, though these men were busy learning how to decannibalize other men. Latin came in

handy; a missionary, stripped to his collar and knickerbockers, could rattle off, "Ite ad regiones infernas" or "glmyenmdamyanktros" (pidgen Greek) and silence the savages. That is, if they didn't take offense.

The statement of purpose of the publication, coming out in 1854, was to "enable you to see the mind of the Philomathean Society." Activities were integrated, then. The lead article began, "Among the many intellectual faculties with which the Creator has blessed the human race, nothing is more pleasing, nothing more attractive, than the sway of Imagination . . . Alas for him who cannot almost hear the eloquence of the Roman Cicero . . . Alas . . ." The translation before this brings memories of hours spent in poking over tattered trots.

History was pretty bumpy going, since the author of Safeguards of the Republic! starts off five of his sentences in his opener with a "But", including a couple of "But such's" and one "But little."

The essay on "Young Rascality" was interesting:

"Yonder goes a ragged boy—a keen-eyed, dirty, leering son of sin—looking carelessly about, yet seeing everything.

" . . . Policemen order him away, bar-keepers kick him out, omnibus drivers whip him off; but all this does not convince him of the very obvious fact that he has no right to live . . . he does not belong anywhere. Yet he has the advantage, for it is difficult to get over the stubborn fact that he is somewhere.

"What right has he to corrupt the air with his vile breath? asks the gentleman. . . . None, answer all . . . and wish him out of sight. Yet, Mr. Gentleman, that cigar and glass of brandy of yours are quite apparent as I pass you, and continue so for some distance. Perhaps they are odors of gentility . . . "

The issue ends with the notice, "Members of the Academy are respectfully informed that the habit of exchanging old umbrellas for new ones, on rainy days, (timely), is entirely contrary to the regulations of the Institution."

Maybe the Society didn't approve; anyway, there are no short stories. A survey would not be representatively unrepresentative without some of their even poems, or one of the puns. "Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? —Bildad, the shoe hight."

All along they forgot the people around them, their own listenings or what they heard through the hallways of half-sleep. They wrote the spirit. With refined clarity they told people what they ought, not letting them see as you should, instead of browsily reading here.

Their own words and ideas move with a regularity that is comfortable, sometimes restful, after the rigor of modern prose. Cushions, nowadays, are needed in the complex search for leisure.

AFTERNOON PATTERPATTENS

By J. B. Lanes

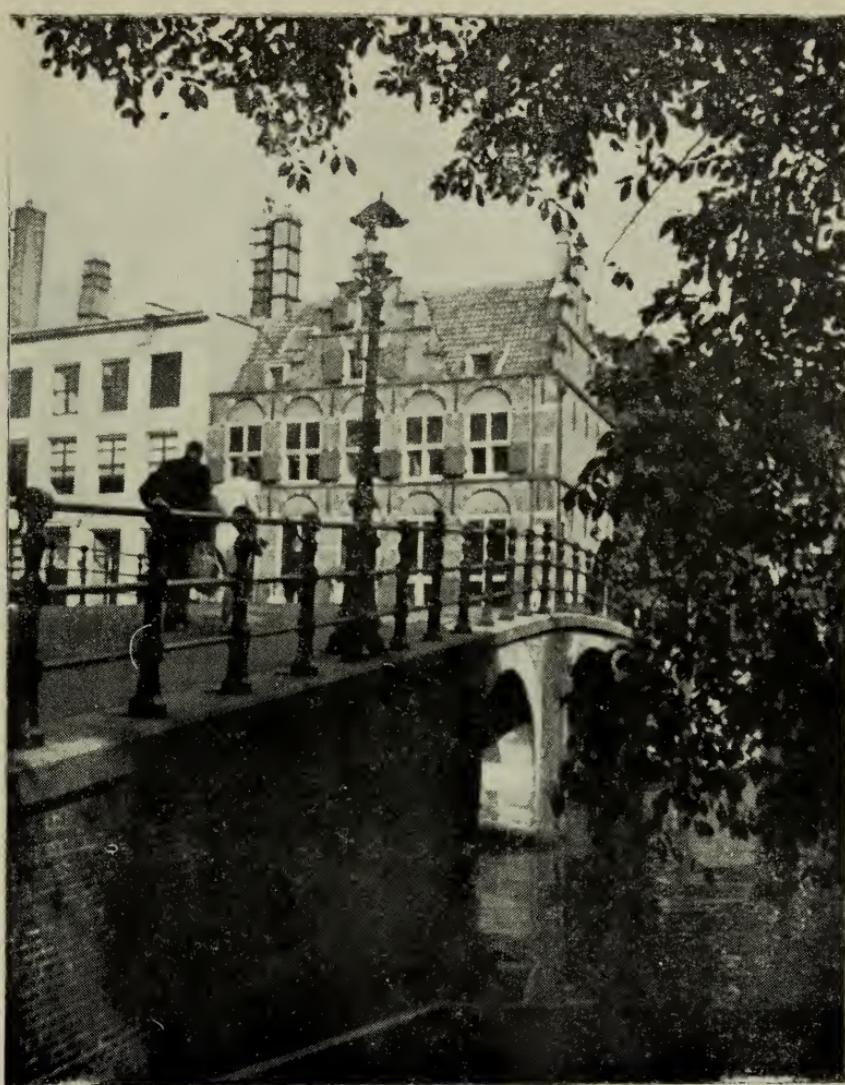
For five (four?) shours rain steadily,
black leaden draindrops from an oppressively low
cloudbankloppity klop ping on the dead (ground),
plop PING in the puddles,
churning the (dead) mud, slopping it on one's shoes.
Beneath my window, a little puddle has
a (plooking) peared, under the drain dirty drainpipe.
Plick plock PLINK pipes the puddle,
plip plop pli PLINK.

In my room, learning no (thing) dding over my
assignmentally I wonder did Galileo use leadraindrops
and the walls wander too and to a grey amoeba
metamorphous my room and the businessli corners
and the square walls twistourniking slowly into
ghostly grey forms and the yellow of my lampfades
into the wall and like a butter splat trithes on the sea
and out of the spot where the butter wasp rings a
prickly pineapple, plouncing me from my dream,
stinging a spot of color to my cheeks.

Suddenly the sunshines, cloaking crystalline the
dropsydropping from the branches, making tinkly the
plink plink pli PLINK

and

patterpattens pater potens crouches omnipot
tensely by, to see if his beautiful pattern
is quite complete.

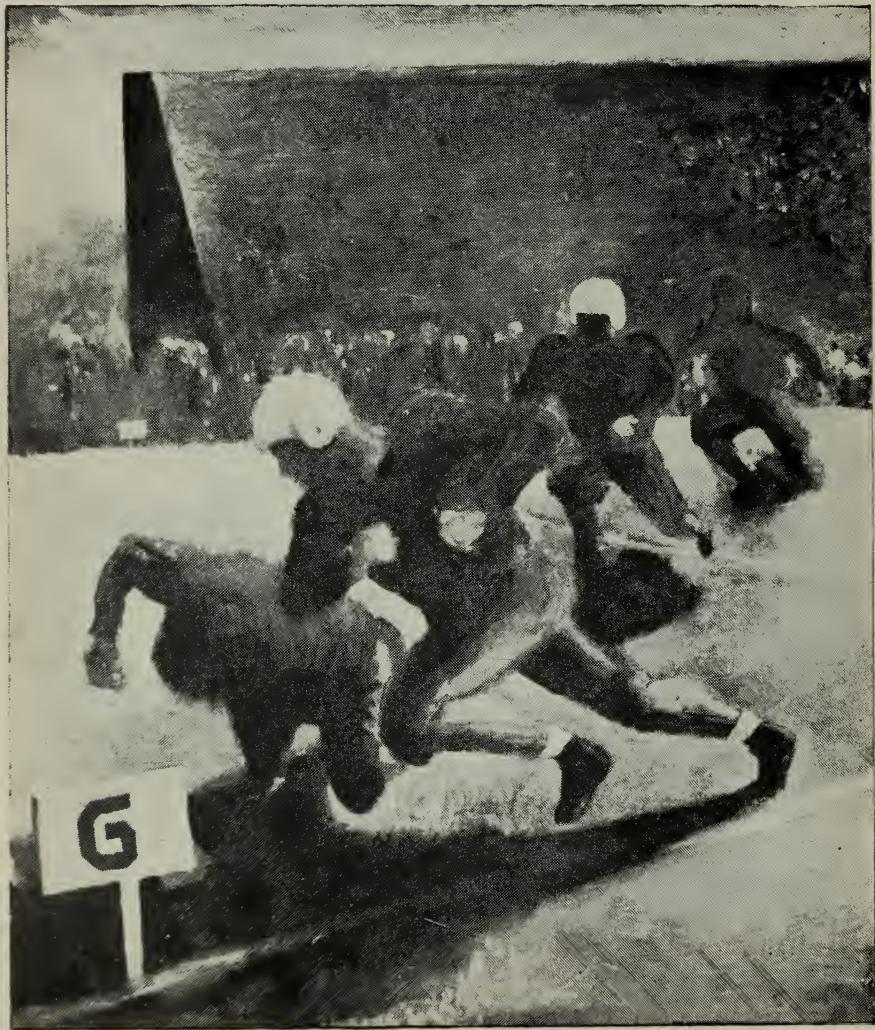


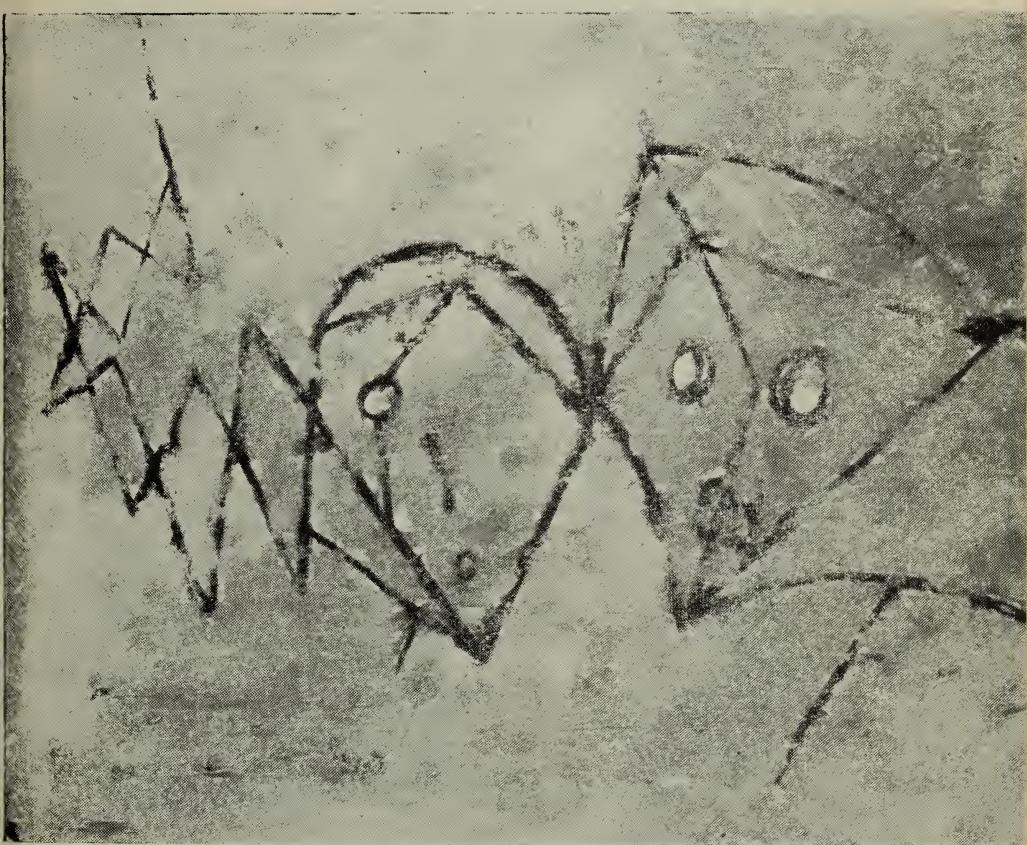
AMSTERDAM BRIDGE

A. Schoeller

FOOTBALL PLAYERS

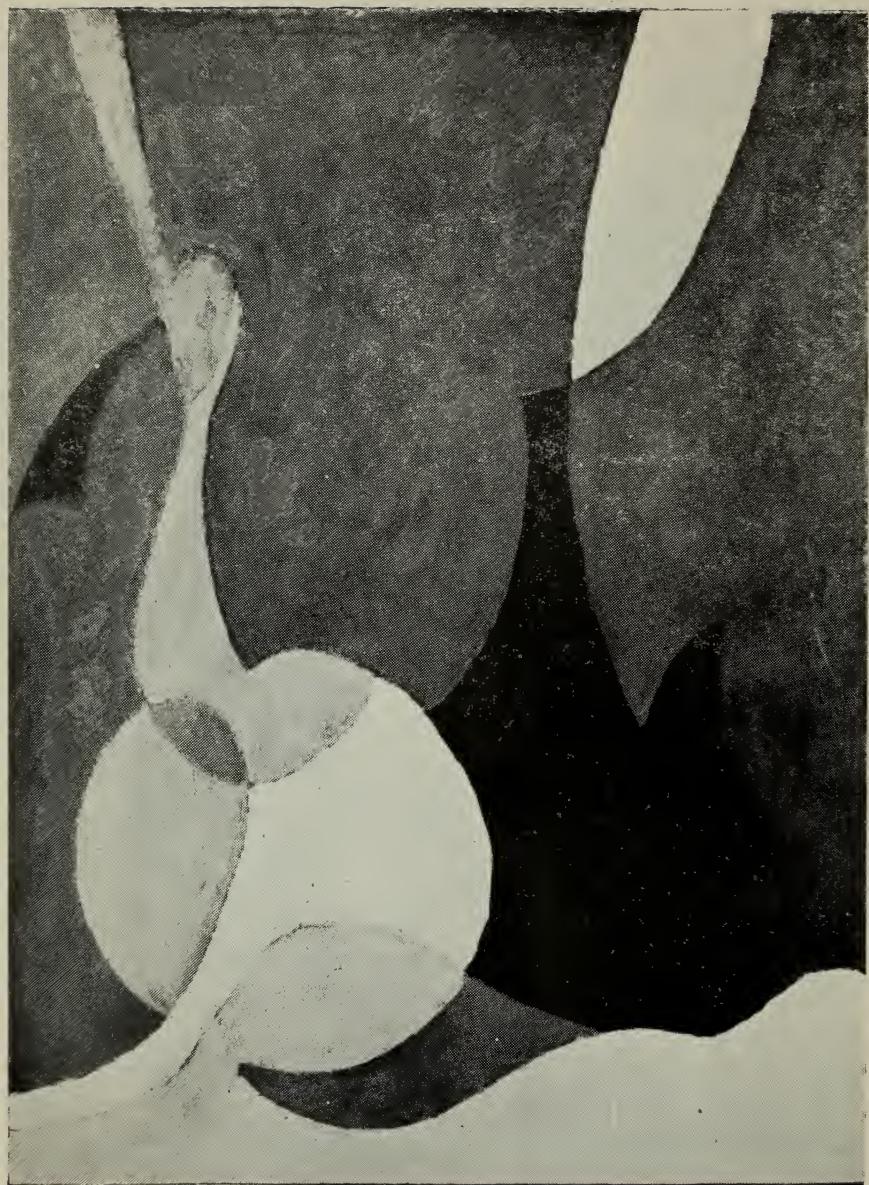
E. F. Hudson, 3rd





MR. AND MRS.

J. B. Lanes



BANJO

R. J. Coleman

AMERICA IN MY MIND

By J. Ehrnberg

MY first strong impression of America comes from a movie with Charlie Chaplin starring, which I saw when I was about ten years old. The actor was sitting in a chair waiting for dinner. But the chair was no common one; it was a splendid machine. It laid a napkin on his knees, put the food into his mouth, and when he was satisfied, the chair tilted back and a newspaper was put into his hands. So, America was the country where the machine had taken over the work of man. I was impressed by the improvement that must have taken place in America since the time of Uncle Tom and Huckleberry Finn, some of my boy-book favorites. My first studies of geography did not change this picture too much. When I was asked about the significance of any town in America, it was always right to say that it was famous for its industries. How many wonderful things there must be made in those factories!

One of the first English expressions I learnt was: "Biggest in the world". I read in books and magazines about all the wonderful things that could be found in America: skyscrapers, big machines of different kinds, great research laboratories. In some papers I read under "The day's queer thing" about what could happen "over there" when it was at its worst. The movies I have seen have always been an important creator of my picture of America. When I did not know better, I connected Hollywood's world of happiness with American life in general. But as I grew up, this simple and in many respects wrong picture did not fit me. I wanted to find out the truth behind all the American goods that I saw every day. What I read in the papers about the U. S. must be seen from an American point of view to be entirely under-

stood. The reasons for my opinion on the American race problems were sentimental ones, but they did represent only one side of the problems.

At this time I hear of the famous American speed. I was impressed by the simplification in production by the conveyer belts. Ford and General Motors became names which I looked upon with admiration. In my studies of science I was informed about the great work that had been done in America for the benefit of manhood. I began to recognize more and more that most of the news in all fields of life came from America.

I began to see, as most people did, that the future of the world was in the hands of America's immense reserves.

When I heard that I had got a chance to go to America, that big and complicated country held a position in the center of my mind.

Have my imaginations been changed since I came here? What new impresions have been added? The thing I knew least about, the American people, is what has astonished me most. I could never imagine that people could be so friendly, so ready to help, so kindly in all ways, and yet live in such a restless part of the world. Or maybe they need to be so, need to find personalities in order to come away from the materialism of their surrounding? The family in America is no unit in comparison with that of the Old World. But it seems to me as if the boundaries of the family have been extended so that they include whole groups of people.

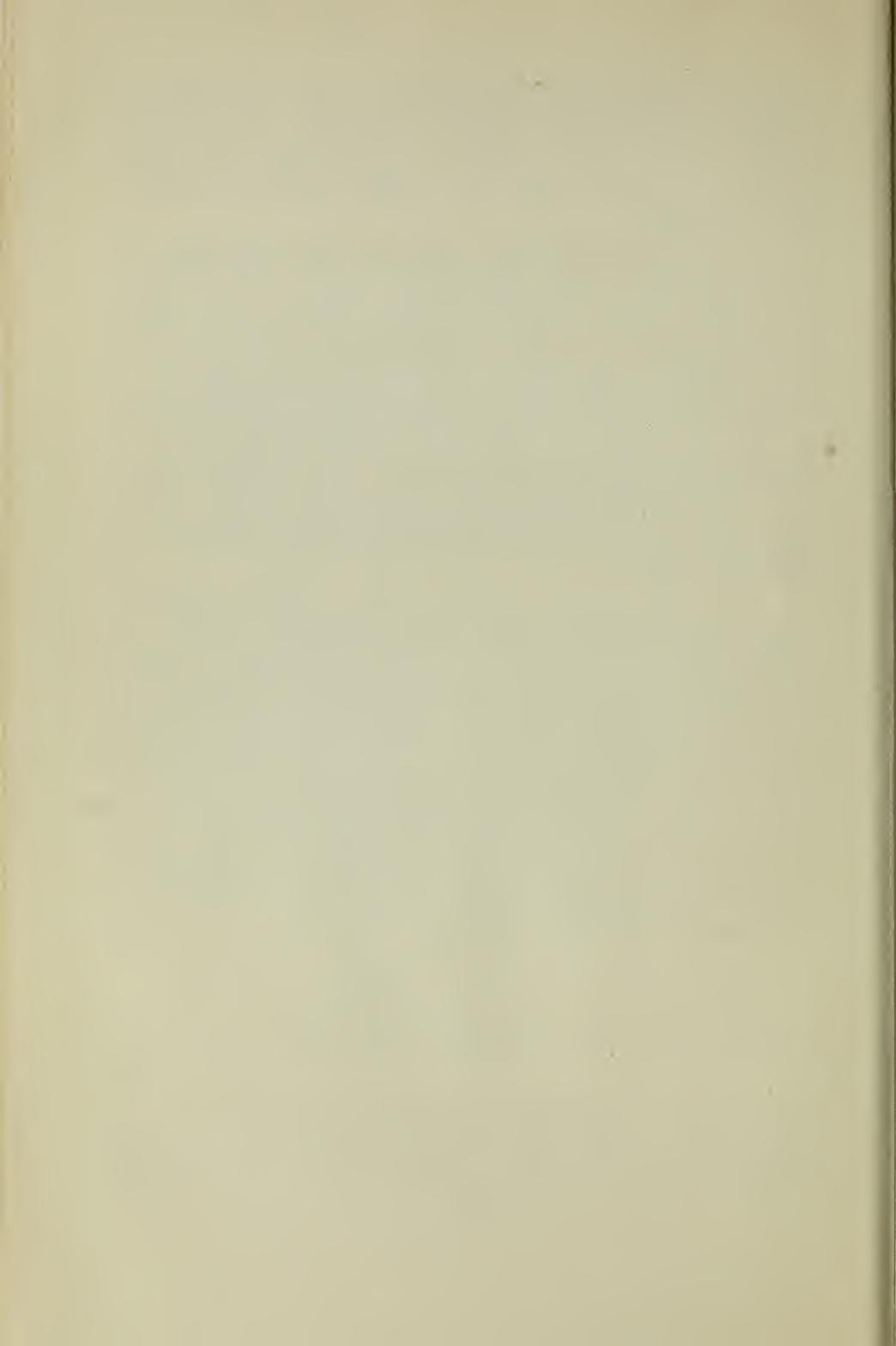
I mean that all things that I do not like in America seem so small and trivial in comparison with the big discovery, the American people. You always want to see persons behind what happens.

Walking in the streets in New York proved to me what God must have had in mind when He created us with sharp elbows. It was not long before I understood that the biggest

city in the world was no place to be polite. It is said, "time is money", and it seems as if the Americans had taken this expression literally. Money is the standard of almost everything in America, as I see it, and a few seconds more or less might mean a fortune.

Most Americans live fast, and many times it seems as if they did not know where they are going, and so have to hurry to get there. What struck me almost at once was the large number of cars on the streets and roads, the feeling of movement. I have seen many people who consider a car more valuable than a good home. It is almost impossible for an American to stay at one place for a long time; he has to move. Philosophy does not appeal to most Americans. They want to make quick decisions, and many times they get great results. But most seem to have never stopped long enough to figure out what they want.

I have many times wondered what has made America what it is. It cannot be that America has larger resources than anyone else, because most people agree that in both Russia and India there are more. The people in America cannot be better than in the rest of the world, because almost everybody has come here from foreign countries. But I think that the form of government which is established here, together with the mixture of people of whom and for whom it is created, is the main reason for America's greatness. Under this government, private enterprise is, as I see it, the backbone of America.



THE MIRROR SUPPLEMENT

for

LOWER MIDDLE

and

JUNIOR CLASS

WRITING



CONTENTS

A TABLE FOR TWO	<i>R. Blum, Jr.</i>	2
THE LOST PADRE MINE	<i>R. F. Thompson</i>	5
THE ATHLETE	<i>J. R. Carter, Jr.</i>	9
TWO LYRICS	<i>E. Wentworth</i>	12
THE FAN AND THE CUTLASS	<i>F. A. Rhuland, Jr.</i>	13
WAITING	<i>R. Blum, Jr.</i>	18
THE RETURN	<i>P. L. B. Sourian</i>	20

A TABLE FOR TWO

By R. Blum, Jr.

I SLOWLY elbowed my way through Times Square, turned down 43rd Street, and slipped out of the passing throng into the revolving door of The Grotto, away from the hurly-burly of noonday New York.

"Good day, Mr. ———. Your regular table?"

"Please."

I followed him down a heavily carpeted aisle, past partitioned booths now slowly filling with those who, like myself, sought in The Grotto a few moments' relief from the city's maelstrom of men and machines.

"What do you recommend, Albert?"

"The rack of lamb is excellent, sir."

"That sounds good to me."

"Very well, sir." Nodding, he left me.

Each time I come here, I marvel that in the last ten years The Grotto has not changed. It is, to me, one stable part of the moving world. The same waiter still serves me in the same comfortably cushioned oak booth. The soft hum of conversation floats over the clinking of silverware, and on the wall across from my table, a copy of Homer's "Eight Bells" still hangs where it has hung for the last ten years.

As I leaned back, I heard someone speaking in the booth next to mine.

"No, I'm not really surprised at seeing you here," said the voice with an anxious laugh. "Frankly, I expected you much sooner than this."

Either the person being addressed said nothing, or he spoke so softly that I was unable to hear, for the same voice then spoke again.

"Well, that wasn't really the first time. It began when

I was born. That was something, wasn't it? I remember," he paused, "I remember, I saw you myself for the first time when I was quite young. You visited my home, and when you left, you took my dog with you. I didn't understand, but you made me very unhappy. I suppose, though, that you always—"

"Here you are, sir." The waiter placed my food before me. "Is there anything else you'd like? A cup of coffee?"

"Yes, please, coffee."

As I drank my coffee, I was listening again to the same voice.

".... even when we played in the streets as youngsters. You know, it's strange to think how close we've always been without my realizing it."

Again there was silence. The voice, I thought, was probably someone talking to himself, some drunk who—but he was talking too straight to be—

".... Well, you know what I mean." He chuckled to himself. "I've often heard people say that"

The voice became inaudible, and there was silence. I waited expectantly. Then I heard the voice once again.

".... and in France, during the Great World War. I lived with you for eight months in the trenches. I saw for the first time what—"

"Did you enjoy your dinner, Mr. _____?"

"What? Oh, yes, yes, Albert, very much, thank you." Mechanically, I paid my check and remained seated—listening.

".... worst of all a few years ago. I went to India on business. I arrived there just as the great plague broke out. It was terrible. I saw you there in the crowds, along the thoroughfares."

Still there came no audible reply.

"Waiter, will you find out for me who—no, never

mind." My hands fumbled for a cigarette. I lit it and began to inhale deeply.

"Yes, you're right," said the voice pensively. "It has been a long time. Well, the check is paid. I'm ready if you are. What? Oh yes, the tip. I think I shall leave the poor fellow a large one today. I don't suppose I'll need—"

The voice broke off. I stamped out my cigarette, jumped to my feet, and rushed from my booth to the one next to mine. An old man lay slumped across the table, alone.

THE LOST PADRE MINE

By R. F. Thompson

IN the great American Southwest the human epic that is the search for hidden wealth continues, for mixed with the bleached bones of their victims, lie the Indian riches. "Coronado's Children" is the Southwestern word for the explorers, after the Spanish conquistador who started the hunt.

"Citizenship?" asked the immigration officer. "American, sir", I answered and proceeded down the international bridge that links El Paso, Texas, with Juarez, Mexico. I was too blasé to notice the silver waters of the Rio Grande swirling beneath my feet; a group of aged Mexican women in their black rebozos crossing slowly; or even that I was entering a foreign country. Fifteen years in the border town of El Paso had robbed me of any appreciation for these wonderful sights. I was only intent on reaching the main plaza of Juarez before the afternoon rush, and as it was already one o'clock I hurried up. Arriving at the Mexico end of the bridge, I chirped: "Nada, Sénor," to the Mexican guard, signifying that I was bringing nothing into Mexico, save myself.

The central plaza of Juarez was a beehive of activity. Every known type vehicle clogged the streets, the loud honking of the American automobiles drowning the steady creak of the oxen cart. Vendors loudly proclaimed their wares, beggars croaked "Pido, por Dios," while tourists busily clicked their Kodaks. I took refuge from this bedlam, for although I had journeyed to the square with the intention of doing some casual shopping, my present thought was to escape the milling crowds. It was at this time that I suddenly noticed a small church, beckoning to me across the street. I liked its quiet dignity and being drawn on, crossed the Calle 16th de Septiembre, the wide avenue that blocked my way. The church

seemed almost out of place as I approached it. Beside its aged walls of plastered adobe towered a brick and glass skyscraper on the right. From the left came a babel of voices from the sprawling *mercado*, the market place of Juarez. I glanced again at the church's beautiful tower. Bronze bells peered out through Moorish arches. Suddenly I became possessed with a desire to hear those bells ring and to see the interior of the church and its priests. I had heard that in one of the churches in Juarez there was a priest that knew the colorful legend of the Padre Mine and

The padre tapped the ponderous old bell with the clapper so that I might hear its tones. His own tones gave me as much pleasure as those of the bell. "Compadre," he clattered on, "that bell swings from the very same rawhide that was stretched up there when my church was built in 1659."

We went into a back room, and the priest began telling me his story.

"If you stand, my friend, at the *entrados* of this church and look across the river at sunset, you can see the entrance to the Padre Shaft on the slopes of Mt. Franklin.

"It is true," he continued, "but since the story is only legendary I doubt if you could see it. Too many people, including myself, have strained their eyes trying to catch a glimpse of an opening that probably doesn't exist. Here is why."

I sat on the edge of my chair, visualizing events as the Father described them to me. I could see the Jesuit priests, their long flowing robes stained with sweat, digging the original shaft and then later hiding in it three hundred mule-loads of silver bullion in 1780. I could see Juan de Onate, the white god in silver armor, cursing his Pueblo Indian slaves.

"So you see it is probably senseless to look for the tunnel from my church. I am almost positive that it was filled up by

Onate a hundred and sixty-five years ago. Still, an uncovered portion may remain. *Quien sabe?*"

So he went on and on.

"Have you ever noticed how the highest peak of the Franklin Range resembles the profile of an Indian's head? That is the head of Cheetwah, mythical keeper of the treasure. The Aztecs say that when Onate killed Cheetwah, premier of the ancient Aztecs, and stole the royal jewels, his spirit followed Onate, watched him wall up the treasure in the Padre Shaft, and then bewitched him so that he forgot the location of the mine. His ghost remained on the mountain, and recognizing his great duty, the gods immortalized his features on the highest peak of the range. . . ."

Then I glanced down at my watch and decided reluctantly that it was time to bring an end to this interesting conversation. I thanked the old Father and went through the main portal of the church. I started down the old steps. The sun was just setting. Jokingly I squinted in the direction of Mount Franklin. There it was, the same old rocky and towering peak flicked by the hues of the retreating sun. Suddenly, as I was gazing at the mountain, I noticed a tiny black opening on the east side of it. Visions of headlines proclaiming the discoverer of the treasures of Onate and the Aztecs danced through my head as I hysterically called to the priest. Finally, the robed figure of the padre appeared at the portal, and he descended the stairs slowly. He did not seem the least bit excited. In a moment I knew why.

"No, my son," he began slowly, "you have seen only something of your imagination, like so many others I know. Look again and see that I am right." I did, and he was right. I noticed that the wonderful sight had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. I felt like crying, but the priest said, placing a thin, gnarled hand on my shoulder: "My child, there is

no gain in wishing for something that does not exist. It is said that even Onate could not find the mine when he returned to uncover his buried treasures. No, the Lost Padre Mine is lost forever."



THE ATHLETE

By J. R. Carter, Jr.

THE cold October sun darted out quickly from behind a cloud. A dark shadow, racing swiftly across the field, paused momentarily, as if interested in the group of boys engaged in a football game there. From where he sat, Bill could see the eagerness of each boy as he lined up across from the opposing player. This was the big game of the year. True, there were only two or three spectators standing on the sidelines, and the rough field was far from the even turf of a football stadium. But to the boys it made no difference. Bill noticed how much each quarterback resembled a chess player. Each stood arrogantly eyeing the other. It was a battle of wits. Who could out-guess whom? Bill enjoyed matching his wits with the captain of each team. Shouts carried across the field. "Come on there! Pass the ball! Watch that man! Nice kick! One, two, three, hike" A red shirt came running around end with the ball, and a blue sweater came racing over to tackle it. There was a scramble for a fumble, and the colors were all thrown together. A sudden gust of wind whipped through the open window, startling Bill and sending a chill through him. He closed the window. The football players were scurrying around madly

The quarterback's signals rang out clearly in the crisp afternoon air. Bill tried to look calm. He mustn't let the other team know he was going to get the ball. He blew on his hands to warm them. The quarterback took the ball, faked to one back, then smacked it into Bill's stomach. Bill raced around end as fast as he could go. A glance told him that the opposition had been drawn over to the other side. He felt the soft spongy turf give way under his racing feet. He sped away

from one tackler and broke into the clear. A hand smacked on his shoulder from behind. He felt the grip tighten, then slide down his back. He was clear! But wait! Out of the corner of his eye Bill saw the safety man, anxious to make up for his mistake, come racing over from the side. Fear dug into his stomach. He couldn't let that man catch him. Feet churning the soft turf, he raced down the sidelines

Around the far end of the cinder track the two came. Long ago the others had fallen behind. Slowly Bill pulled out in front of his opponent. His legs ached; they felt as if they weighed a ton. Somehow he managed to sprint down the last stretch, slowly edging out his opponent. Suddenly he felt his right foot sink into the cinders. Vaguely, as if at a great distance, he heard a groan run through the packed stadium. Bill stumbled, broke his stride; then his feet dug into solid cinders and he was off again. A soft spot in the track! The thought shot through his brain like a flash of lightning. But the damage was done; his rival was now abreast of him, and the tape loomed up just in front of him. With a last desperate lunge Bill shot across the tape barely ahead of his opponent. The roar of the crowd beat down upon his eardrums

Everyone in the stands was yelling. "O'Brien, No. 56, now batting for Philips," the loud-speaker announced. Bill walked up to the plate slowly. Most of the year he had been out of the lineup with a leg injury. Now he was being given a chance in the big game of the year, a chance to win the game. There was a man on second, two out, and a tie score. Last half of the ninth inning. The stands suddenly became hushed. The silence was oppressive; Bill could feel it pressing in on him from all sides. He was the center of all eyes, and he knew it. With the tension mounting up in him, Bill watched the pitcher unwind like a spring and pitch a perfect strike right past him. On the next pitch, Bill swung with all he had; a shock shot through his arms as his bat met the ball.

He was off like a streak for first base; he rounded the bag with the coach frantically waving him on

Slowly, Bill O'Brien turned his wheelchair around and pushed himself to his desk, where only the pain in his eyes could tell the anguish of the runner who would never run.

TWO LYRICS

By E. Wentworth

I

DAYBREAK

Heavy lay the fog across the water,
Stilling the tumult of the tide.
Dawn had yet to reach out searching fingers.
Across the quiet bay were lights
Of houses, people — life was there.
Yet on the water, silent darkness
Held by the fog.

Now in the eastern sky
The sun
Spreads across the heavens.
Its rays, finding in the fog a foe,
Throw their warmth upon the harbor.
Darkness cringes before the heat — then flees.
And day has come.

II

NIGHTFALL

Death rides by, cloaked in black.
Life subdued in its folds,
Is borne away.
Life, the essence of love,
The carefree hours spent so happily,
A singing, dancing, zestful life
Snuffed out.
The fiery sun
Follows its course across the sky,
Then sets.
A corner turned,
A new street leads the soul away
To rest.

THE FAN AND THE CUTLASS

By Frank A. Rhuland, Jr.

THE tropic sun beat down on Canton. Along the waterfront the docks were teeming with life. Behind them the twisting lanes of the old Oriental city swarmed with bustling crowds. Beggars lined the streets, stretching out their hands in hopes of alms. Over it all seemed to hang an atmosphere totally different from any we have known. It was unmistakable. It was the East.

Back from the crowded waterfront and the streets nearby, back almost to the outskirts of the city, there were houses which did not show the squalor of the rest. Here lived the aristocracy, powerful for generations, and the *nouveau riche* merchants who had amassed fortunes from the New England traders, little guessing how much greater fortunes these New England merchants squeezed from them. Within one such house lived T'ian Chi L'Sang, enjoying his new-found wealth. At last the young Chinaman could relax. No one could now challenge his right to this property. The architecture of this house reminded one of the houses of the ancient Romans. T'ian sat in the little open garden that the Romans would have called the Peristyle. Here amid tasteful Oriental appointments, he issued orders to the coolies who waited on him. A messenger rushed into the garden bearing him news of the arrival of the ship *Typhoon* from Beverly, Massachusetts, at the harbor of Whampoa, Canton's port for foreign ships. This was the first ship to arrive to trade with him since he had gained control of the business. Realizing the importance of this, he sent servants to the docks to bring

Captain Pope to the house for the transaction of their business. Although foreigners were forbidden outside Whampoa, in the busy port of Canton this rule was seldom enforced.

A few hours later Captain Aaron Pope was ushered into the garden. He was a young man of twenty-six, who had already made several voyages as captain of his uncle's ship *Typhoon*. The uncle had great faith in his handsome nephew, for he had shown himself to be resourceful and courageous. Aaron's sharp features and clipped accent could leave no doubt as to his Yankee heritage. As he entered the garden, he stopped in surprise. With a smug smile, T'ian asked him to be seated.

"I suppose," said the Cantonese merchant, "you expected to see my father. He died three weeks ago. I am operating his business in his stead."

"But I thought that when he died . . . "

"The business would go to my elder brother. It should have, but I er — took over. You see we are governed by tradition rather than by laws as you know them. If I can evade tradition, I have little to fear from law enforcers. For me, that is easy: I have the advantage of an education; they have not. So, I now control my father's business."

"I see. I presume there will be no change in the business connection?"

"Oh, no. It will continue as before. But before we get down to business, let us have some tea."

"Thank you."

T'ian turned to the servant who had been cooling them with a long-handled feather fan, and to Aaron's surprise ordered the tea in English. As the servant disappeared, T'ian, turning to Aaron said, "You know it's nice to be able to order these servants around. I've worked for a long while to secure possession of all this. It's beautiful, isn't it?" he asked with

satisfaction, indicating the garden and the interior of the house, dimly seen beyond.

"Yes, indeed," Aaron agreed. "It is quite different from the houses at home."

"Tell me. What are the houses of your merchants like?" he inquired.

"Well. I'd say that they are a great deal larger than yours."

"Larger? Why I — But this is one of the largest houses in Canton!"

"Ah, yes, but" With that Aaron began a lengthy description of not only the houses, but of other aspects of life in the busy seaport of Beverly, as well. T'ian listened with a casual interest and complacent attitude. Aaron observed, however that the servant fanning them was listening with an interest approaching awe. Many hours passed, and much tea was drunk before their thoughts turned to business. Darkness had long since fallen before they parted, and T'ian's servants escorted Aaron back to his ship.

Several days later the *Typhoon* left her dock in Whampoa and began the long journey home. However, there was a short stop in Manila to take on hemp. A few days later the *Typhoon* set sail from the Phillipine city across Manila Bay.

About noon a sailor brought a message to Captain Pope. There was a stowaway aboard, a Chinaman, whom they had carried from Canton. Captain Pope commanded that he be brought at once to his cabin. A few minutes later the culprit was brought in. To Aaron's surprise, it was the coolie who had fanned them all that evening at the home of T'ian Chi L'Sang.

"And who," Aaron greeted him icily, "may you be?"

"I", answered the Chinaman in perfect English, "am Won Tu Ming, elder brother of T'ian Chi L'Sang."

"I see. So you are the one who was _____ er _____"

"Cheated out of my inheritance. Yes."

"But why did you stow away on my ship?"

"You see, I cannot now continue my father's business in Canton. The other night when I heard you describe the life of a New England merchant to my brother, I decided then to be a merchant there. Of course I shall work my passage."

Aaron smiled as he answered, "I see. Well, can you cook?"

Won Tu's neck muscles twitched as he answered, "Yes."

"Very well then, you may stay." As the new cook left the cabin, Aaron reflected that he couldn't very well have made any other decision, unless it was to throw him into the sea.

That afternoon as the *Typhoon* passed the island of Corregidor, which lies at the mouth of Manila Bay, a Chinese sloop was sighted. As they came closer, the Chinese sloop fired a salute and hove to. Although annoyed, Aaron ordered his ship brought up into the wind, until they could find out what was wanted. A boat put out from the sloop and within a few minutes reached the *Typhoon*. To Captain Pope's amazement, the first man on the deck was T'ian Chi L'Sang. "My brother," he burst out, "he ran away! He is aboard this ship. I must have him."

Aaron recovered in time to say, "By what authority?"

"By _____ by _____" This gave Aaron time to think. He had to do business with this merchant. He did not wish to antagonize him. On the other hand, he did have the upper hand in their business connection, and he did want to see what would happen if he refused T'ian. "He is my servant," T'ian finally blurted out. "Give him to me in _____ in the name of the law."

"Law! A lot you thought of law when you took your father's business! You yourself told me that your laws didn't

have to be obeyed if they could be evaded. Besides, I've already promised your brother passage." At that moment Won Tu appeared with two cutlasses.

"I'm sorry, Captain, that I had to break into the ship's armory for these, but I needed them." With that, he threw one to T'ian who seized it, but cowered back against the rail. As Won Tu leaped at him, however, he gathered courage and, before Aaron could stop them, they were fighting. The clashing of blades lasted only a moment. Then T'ian lay on the deck with Won Tu's cutlass through his heart. His blood spread out over the clean deck. Won Tu turned to Aaron. "It is done. Now I must return to Canton. My father's business is waiting." Without another word, he was over the side and was being rowed back to the sloop in the same boat that had brought T'ian over.

Later, as the sloop disappeared over the horizon, and as the *Typhoon* resumed her course, Aaron watched the sailors wash the blood from the deck and reflected that he still needed a good cook.

WAITING

By Ralph Blum, Jr.

“WHAT time is it?” asked Monk as he sat watching the glittering door of the Blue Pigeon.

“12:25,” answered Pete.

“This time we gotta get him.” Monk scowled. “The boss won’t take any more slip-ups.”

“Remember the last time? The dame what got in the way? Geez! Monk cut her right in half!”

“Say! That reminds me,” said Pete. “I got a letter from Jean to-day. She sent a picture of the kids. They look swell.”

“Damn this lighter! Gimme a match, Pete. Thanks.” Jake took a long drag on the cigarette and flicked it out the window. “Are you sure you’ll know this guy, Monk?”

“He’s wearin’ a gray tweed coat an’ a black hat. I’ll know him.”

“Listen to the music in there. That’s what they wuz playin’ the night me an’ . . .”

“Turn on the radio. I wanna hear the fights.”

“. . . the night me an’ Jean went dancin’ for the first time. It was the only time I . . .”

“Shut up! We’ve heard enough of you an’ your lousy wife.”

“Who ya think yer takin’ to? One more crack like that an’ I’ll . . .”

“Break it up you guys! We’ve got a job to do.”

“Well,” he called . . .

“Forget it!”

“Well I’ll be! Rigelito got knocked out in the sixth. There goes a fin.” The door of the Blue Pigeon opened and a man in a dark coat came out.

“Hey! Is that him? the guy?”

"Na; much too short."

"You know it's kinda funny."

"What do ya mean?"

"Well, this place bein' called the Blue Pigeon, an' he's our pigeon. Get it? The Blue Pigeon—our pi . . ."

"I don't think it's funny."

"I was only sayin' . . ."

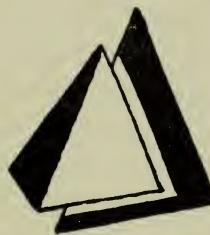
"Drop it!"

"O. K., O. K."

"What time is it?"

"1:10."

"I wonder if he knows how late it is?"



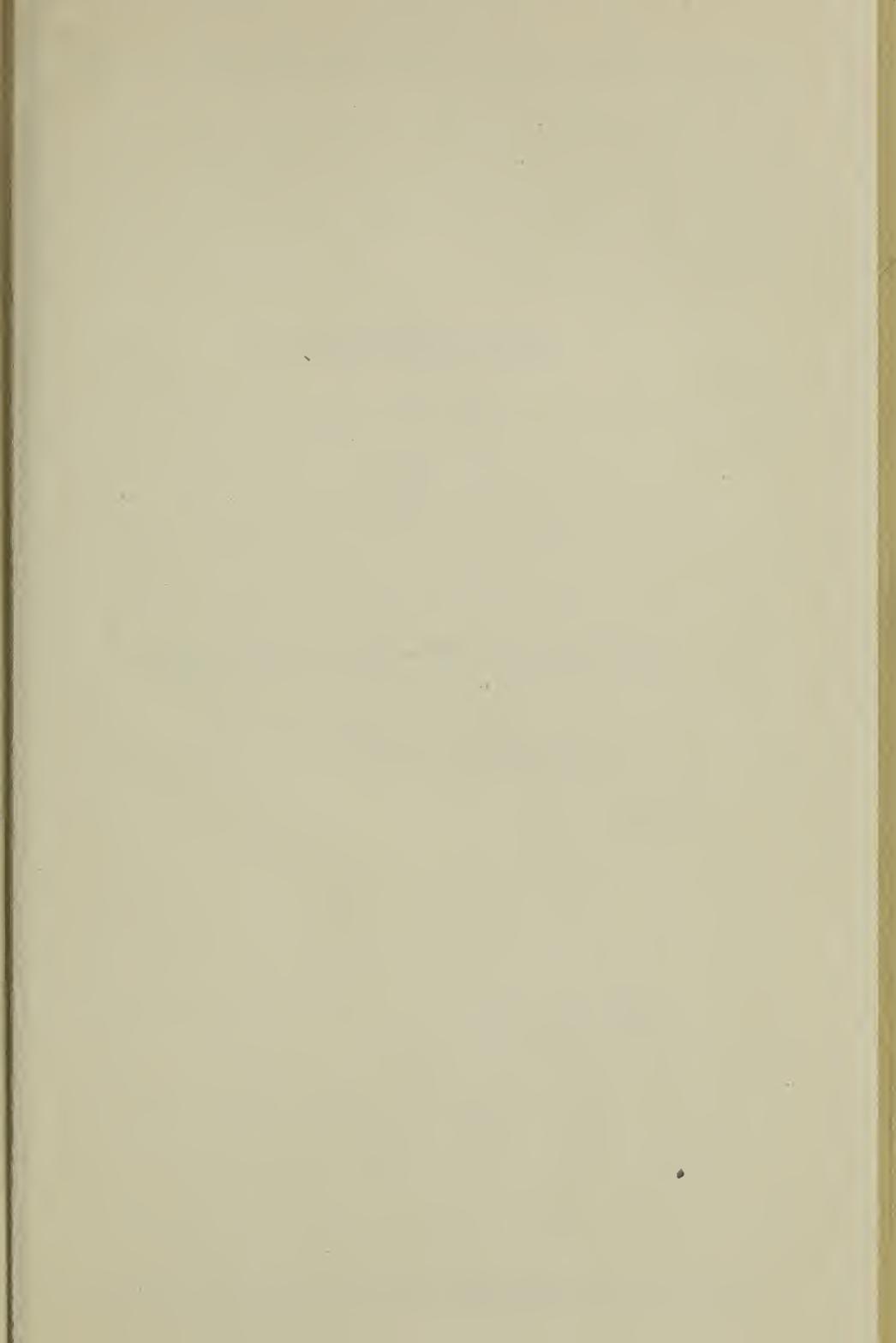
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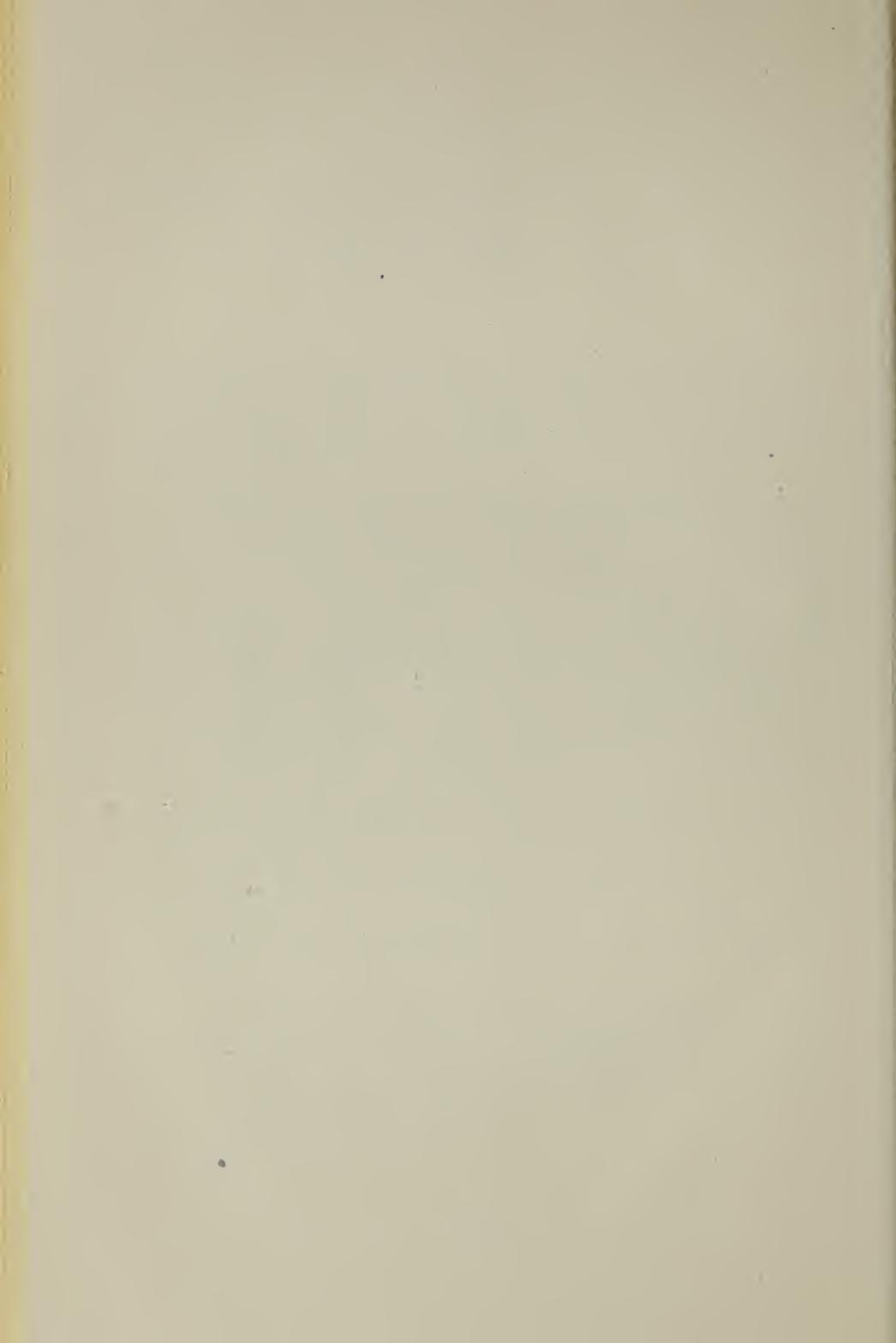
By P. L. B. Sourian,

HE drew the intensely fishy air into his lungs as he excitedly stumbled off the train. His feet on the familiar sandy soil gave him new confidence. Delacourt had come home from war.

The stillness of early morning was shattered into reverberating splinters of sound as the Old Church clock steadily tolled its four notes of welcome. Delacourt was momentarily startled by the interruption of the morning's silence. He groped his way along an alley. The moist, whitewashed walls felt strangely, vaguely familiar to his nervously moving fingers. A cool damp air ate into his bones. He could feel the fog slowly rolling in on him, and his blood quickened, his heart-beat accelerated. He reached the end of the narrow cobbled street and stood hesitantly on the stone jetty. He tripped, his hand flew for a hold on the rocks, but it was as if they had fallen through under his feet. His body hit the water. The cold water pierced the pit of his stomach, and its acrid salt taste seemed to have parched his throat in a moment. His trembling hands reached for the ladder and he slowly felt his way up.

As the sun rose, falling on his dripping back, he strode home, with a lighter step. No eyes could have seen more than the unconquered eyes of the spirit of Delacourt saw on that early morning of his return.





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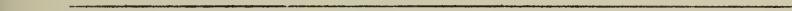




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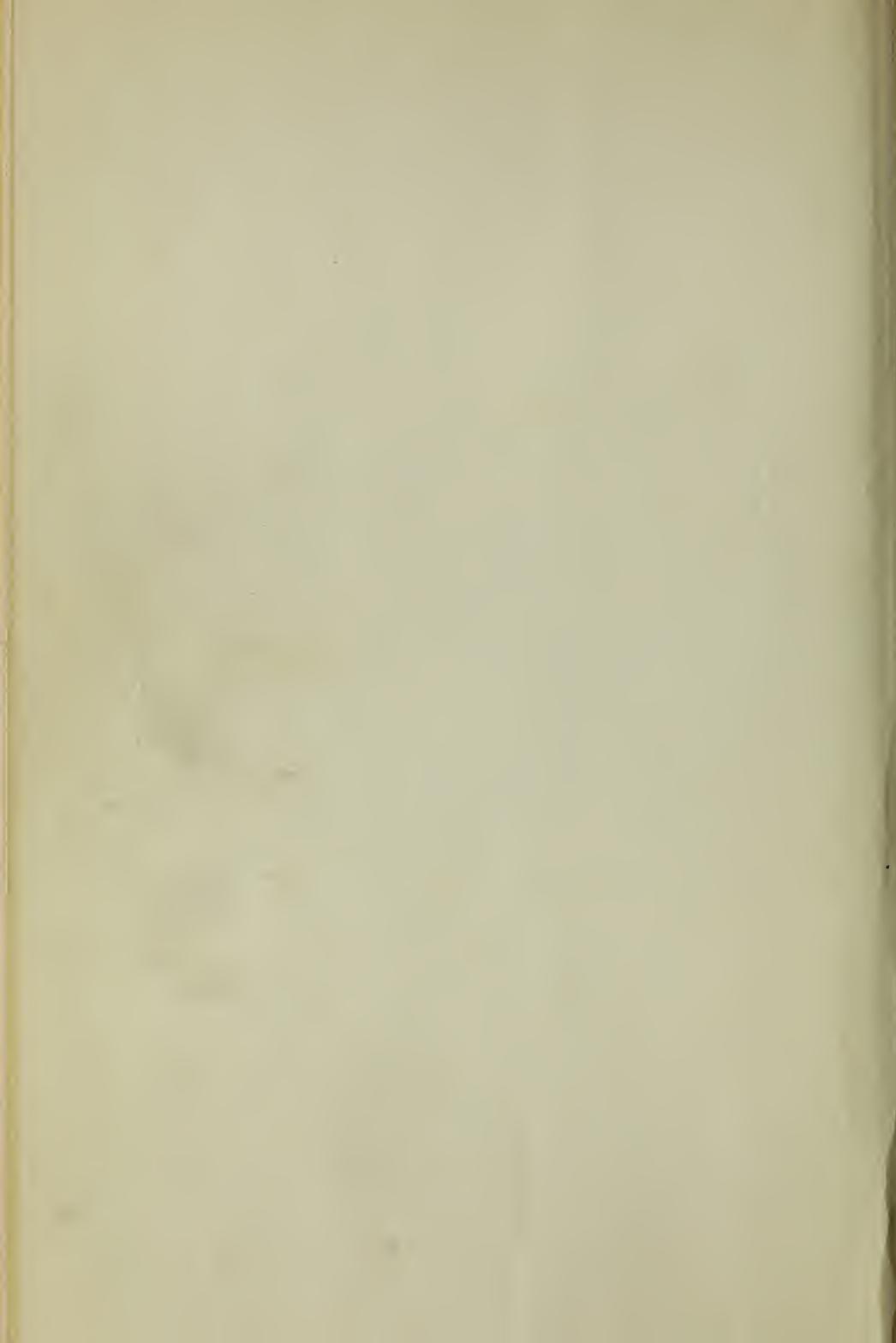
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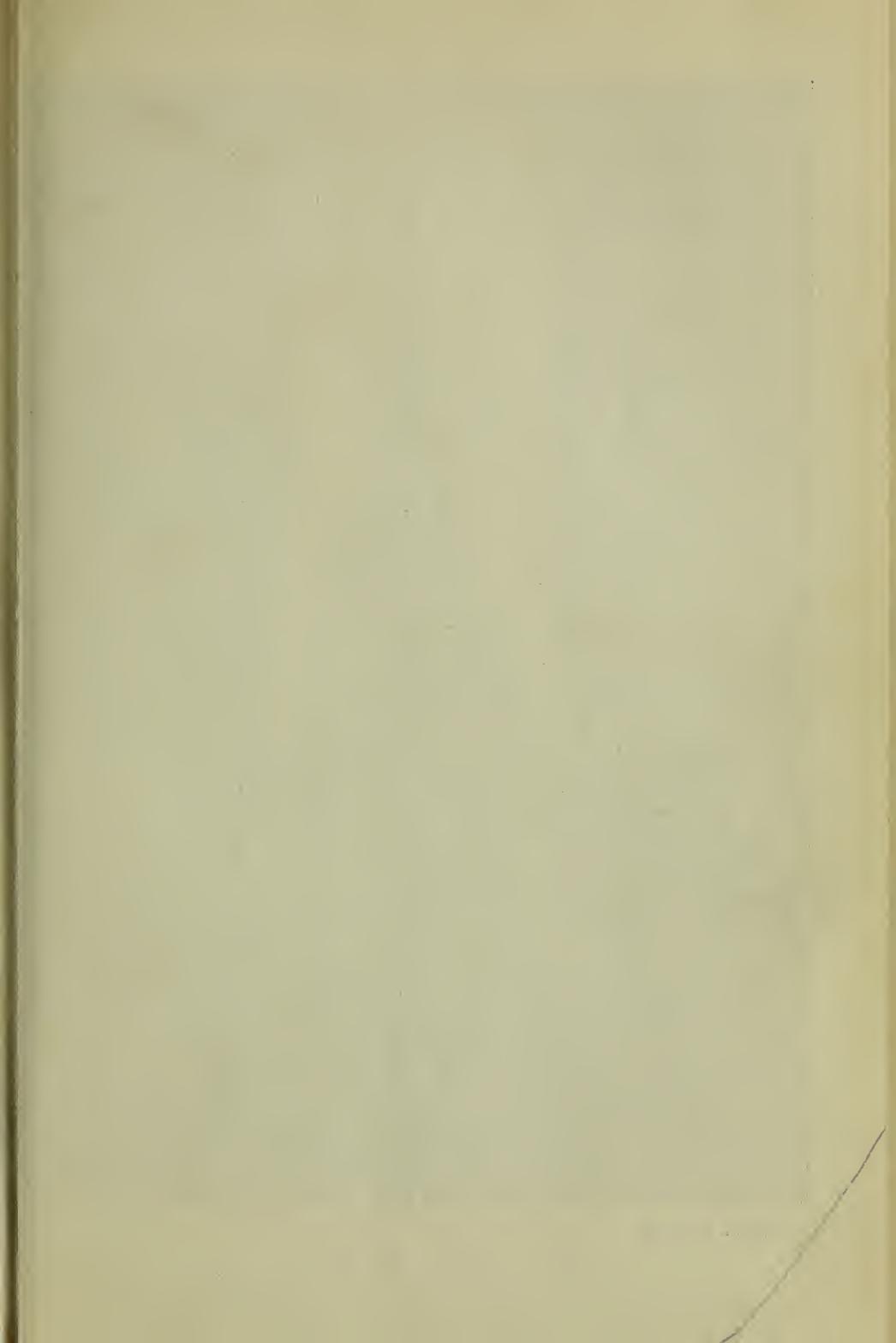
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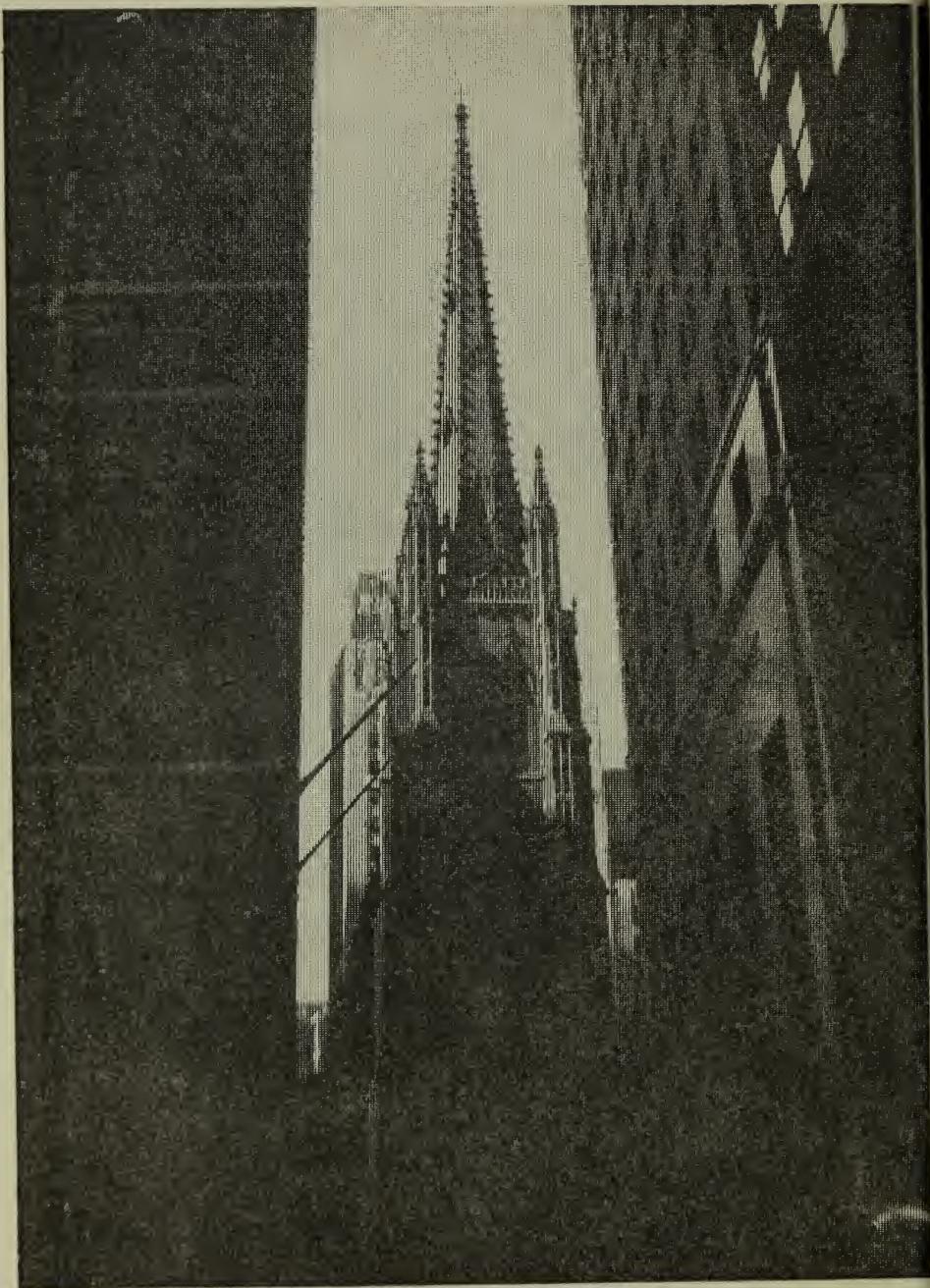
Vol. 67, No. 2

PHILLIPS ACADEMY
ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS







TRINITY CHURCH

G. S. SCHREYER, J.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL		5
STRATA	<i>J. P. Fleming</i>	6
THE INDISPENSABLE SAGE OF HASTINGS CORNER		
THE INTERESTED	<i>R. A. Kipka</i>	10
HEKTOR LISTENS FROM THE RAMPARTS	<i>N. R. Rolde</i>	16
THE MIDDLE AGES	<i>W. J. Kaiser</i>	18
ON BEDS	<i>B. L. Ingraham</i>	19
THE STOREKEEPER	<i>W. J. Smith</i>	24
OI' O	<i>C. G. Poore</i>	27
SATURDAY NIGHT	<i>J. M. Steadman</i>	31
THREE VARIATIONS ON A THEME	<i>R. M. Gordon, Jr.</i>	35
ODE TO A NOISESOME NIGHTTIME GNAT	<i>S. W. Chandler</i>	38
INSECTA AMERICANA	<i>H. E. Kaplan</i>	39
FROM INDIA'S SUNNY CLIME	<i>S. W. Chandler</i>	40
OF TOLERANCE	<i>W. J. Kaiser</i>	42
"FOR WANT OF A NAIL . . ."	<i>R. L. Yager</i>	44
LOCAL COLOR	<i>K. F. Stuckey</i>	47
A MEMORY	<i>B. J. Lee, III</i>	53
THE DATE	<i>L. I. Kane</i>	55
TWO STORIES	<i>C. G. Poore</i>	58
MAN TO HIS CASTLE	<i>P. D. Levin</i>	61
THE NIGHT	<i>S. Hagerty</i>	62
"MY, HOW YOU HAVE GROWN"	<i>L. F. Polk, Jr.</i>	65
INDIA'S DILEMMA	<i>J. P. B. C. Watts</i>	68
NO TITLE	<i>C. F. Flynn</i>	73
KISSING	<i>D. T. Wells</i>	75
THE GREAT WHITE WAY	<i>R. S. Coulson</i>	76
ATQUE VALE	<i>W. J. Kaiser</i>	80
SUPPLEMENT		95

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~~EDITORIAL~~

SOMEONE HAS calculated that if a man had chewed gum steadily since 1854, he could have worn out 13,505,460 pieces — not counting the hours when he rested or had to go to the dentist's. The Mirror was founded in 1854; ninety-four years is a long time to chew, and we are only beginning to see how a student publication can be a part of the school.

We are trying to give everyone in the school a chance to contribute. This does not mean that every class is considered alike: now, instead of Juniors being judged against Seniors, Juniors are judged against Juniors; instead of the grown bulls of the tribe stamping on the lesser, the lesser stamp on themselves. The wall of the upperclasses has been chipped.

But when we say "we", we do not mean "we" as a slippery substitute for "I". "We" is meant in the sense of the people who like to write for the Mirror, not just for their own sake or the sake of the magazine but just to create because they want to create.

But the word "magazine" itself has another meaning besides "publication": it means "A chamber for powder or cartridges" . . . and sometime in the not-so-far-away future there will be no need of an editorial or a story of human ignorance or even a magazine, for they will all have blown up in a puff of smoke, and, instead, there will be communion of minds, without matter.

There is one small group in the MIRROR who have worked without compensation throughout the term. They are the editorial assistants: James Carmichael, Donald Husted, Larry Kurzman, and Daniel Wilkes. We wish to thank them, in this small space, for the services they have given.

STRATA

By J. P. Flemming

NIGHT PRESSED heavily against grey-veined brickness and seeped through dirted, oxidized screen-pores and crept into corners and behind ears and below half-torn slippers and dared to mix with pulsations of AC direct-lighting.

Stiffly nestled in the path of the warm-seeping black, his flannelled legs protruding toward the cluttered box-picture-room that was brightness, Tony Carmen felt his hands nervously neurotically rub at his chin, grope up, try to shield the eyes, but between the restless fingers his eyes searched wantingly over the unreal realness of the room.

It was a room in which people being happy-thoughtful existed. Only parts of people Picasso-like. Legs from behind a desk, and shoulders bent over the desk, and hips disappearing into pants draped over the back of a ribbed, wire-enforced stiff-chair. A foot bent over an ankle, its shoe wearing a red sole, dirt at the heel, clean in the instep, a criss-cross line of use again at the toe. Wrinkle-lines in the rug paralleling a white-black, red-blanketed steel-cot. The room clashing suddenly at a corner where lines met lines and colors changed colors and lost themselves behind the bookcase, and black books lying on top of red books, and a pencil, catercornered, extending toward a steel radiator — animal with U-pipe head and brown

coiled body and tarnished valve tail, and above the radiator another brown window slipping into the night.

Its perspective-distorted shade octagonally-tilted toward the shadowed and shadowed ceiling, a standing-straight-lamp stubbornly allowed its own heat-light to transcend its filament and globe, and rays fell starkly on a victrola, and a red arm scratched toward the center of a wavering-black disk, and the light and the dark and the people and the Picasso lines and the sharp furniture and the machine-designed patterns and the O'Sullivan black heels and a poised, unplugged plug along the dented linoleum all tasted the blue-black syrup of the Music.

Blue-pants-and-too-small-T-shirt kicked his leg up and down on the bed, perpendicular, parallel, perpendicular, one, two, three, and a riff, and a pause in the swinging. And the jeansed legs, whose clean-faced owner was geometrically-jaggedly visible behind the desk, stretched at the cushioned stool and an album of records plopped upon another. Shoulders (and now back-of-head) leaned into the remnant of night which was his shadow on the desk.

Tony shifted his legs.

Music played. A clock couldn't keep time. The mechanism rushed past the well-deep surges and fadings of the melancholic pulsations of man-plucked strings and lip-air-tremulated brasses and tense-vivid, strained-neck-muscled air-columns.

Atmosphere, papers, curtains shuffled, a door shut became open, shoelaces flicked as bodies turned and eyes sought. Newcomer stood self-centered and firm. Fraternity rings arced in automatic greeting, and Newcomer and Tony found their eyes meeting, opened their mouths by drawing up upper lips, and a factory-practiced smile remained after the eyes shifted.

The inanimate pencil in desk-shadow pendulated again past the permanent shoulders, jeansed-legs jiggled with Music. T-shirt turned his pillow over, punched it, jammed it over,

ducked onto it.

Three figures intent, fixed. Two figures apart from three figures. Music playing.

Out of his night-corner Tony leaned; his cheeks knew the glint of kilowatt-measured light-waves. Newcomer bent his knee and stepped towards the illuminated face veering away from sun-absent, nature-formed night, and his smile shifted to mouthing, and words developed and edged across waves of Music.

Where were you tonight? Where were you tonight at the meeting? Where were you tonight before the movies? Here? Here? With these? Up here? Doing this? Where were you all night?

Here, here, here. 'Slumming.'

(Smile flashing, fading, flashing. Buy me. Buy me. Buy me.)

I was 'slumming,' I was 'blue.' I was here, I was here, I was here.

Why were you here? Where do you belong? Why were you here? Who are your friends? Why were you here?

The background of conversation suddenly crackled to foreground, discordant with the Music, eighth notes where there should have been rest.

Hello. (From the bed. Scorn-hope in glance of goodbye-welcome.)

(Absently.) Hello. (Quiver of eyebrow, but eyes on Tony.)

White-ankled, red-soled, jeans legs twitched, were still. Tense.

Music up.

Conversation resuming between Newcomer and Tony. Tony stealing a look at supple ankles crossed, firm-slender-outlined lines of leg beneath jeans. His own figure rocking vaguely from darkness to artificial light, hesitantly consider-

ing rise-to-feet. Newcomer peering at the hesitance, forming words: Come down.

Needle-scratching rasped across crosswork-friction of cold conversation and warm Music. Permanent-shoulders and Music-listeners (two) were unruffled by Tony's movement in the corner.

Tony's eyes searched the clean-young face but he saw a steady-locked glance: Music-listeners (two) simultaneously together breathing: That's good. I feel that.

(Their glances were still locked.)

Strides toward door, well-cushioned breadth of back turned to stark-lit room; three figures intent.

Tony shuffled, kicking consciously on the rug-ridge, shifting eyes about for a sign from the young face, hearing the needle-rasp fading, seeing ankles bobbing again in time.

Put on that record. (Low, intent voices.)

O yes, I like that. That's good. I like that. Yes.

Two Fraternity rings plunged into the musty-dark nothingness of the hallway.

No words in the room, but three figures intent together: a hand pushed shut the door.

Up Music.

Gentle tapping of shoe-strings.

The stopping of clock-mechanism.

The end of Time.

Music playing.

THE INDISPENSABLE SAGE OF HASTINGS CORNER

By R. A. Kipka

SANDY AND I had been riding in the big Greyhound bus for over two hours now, and already, according to our schedules, we were twenty minutes late for our destination of Hastings Corner. While a grey drizzle was falling softly down, we had each been wondering what kind of work we would be doing as prospective hired hands, and whether we would like it. On the bus rolled into the quiet hills of middle Ohio, when suddenly we were wakened from our reverie by the bus driver shouting out, "Hastings Corner." We quickly stepped off the bus into — nothing.

"Hey, which way is the town?" I called back as the driver shifted his gears. "You're in it, bud," he answered. Sure enough, when the bus pulled away, we noticed on the opposite side of the road a solitary, two-story brownshingled structure. Over the door was a sign badly in need of paint on which one could faintly make out the words "Hastings Corner." Outside the door the foreman of Malabar Farm was waiting to drive us to the farm itself. As we drove away, Sandy and I turned around and took a good look at what was to be our closest link with civilization for the duration of the summer.

As time went on, we got to know more intimately the

town of Hastings Corner. It consisted of the general store, advertised as the best and only store of the valley. I suppose one could describe it as a typical country store, but then, too, it had a distinction all its own. It was owned and operated by a Mister Ivan Wetherbee, who was a short, fat man with a bald head, and who always wore two pair of glasses at the same time — the pair not in use being shoved up on his forehead. His forehead, incidentally, had a remarkable natural indentation to it, so that the pair he was not using generally stayed up there, even during its most agitated movements.

The store itself was divided into several distinct parts. One portion of it was devoted exclusively to groceries, another part was the pharmacy, over in one corner was the telephone switchboard, while around in back was the general court. By this time you have probably seen that Ivan was a man of many occupations. In fact, I believe, with all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt, that he was the only truly indispensable man I'd ever heard of. For in addition to being storekeeper, pharmacist, postmaster, and justice of the peace, he was gas station attendant, sheriff, and president, chairman of the board, and board of the Pleasant Valley Telephone Company. With regard to all these professions Ivan had one peculiar eccentricity — he insisted upon conducting all business in that part of the store in which it "belonged." Thus if a person came in to buy groceries, Ivan made him go to the grocery section of the store. Then if the customer wished to buy merely a nickle box of cough drops, it was necessary for him to move over into the pharmacy and conduct his business there. To pay your telephone bill, you had to enter that portion of the store marked Telephone Service, even though most of the time it meant a shift of only two to three steps. Still another eccentricity of Ivan's was his habit of always dressing for whatever occupation he was engaged

in. For instance, when a person came in to buy groceries, Ivan would put on his storekeeper's apron and cuffs. Then, even if the customer wanted only a box of Mother Murphy's cold pills, Ivan would take off the apron and cuffs, and don a white old-fashioned druggist's coat. If you wished to insure a letter, Ivan would disappear for a minute and reappear a few minutes later with his postman's cap and his postman's coat. And so he would move about the store, alternately taking things off, and putting them on as he moved to different parts of the building. He felt very seriously, I think, that he was incapable of doing his best job if he were not clothed in the proper uniform.

Of all the occupations which were important and vital to the one-hundred-odd people living in the valley, Ivan had two which particularly appealed to him. The first was that of justice of the peace or "judge" as he and his neighbors called it. As a magistrate Ivan was not a very imposing person even though he had insisted on sending away to Sears Roebuck for a set of "gen-u-ine" judge's robes. Nevertheless his court was run with a great deal of ceremony, and Judge Wetherbee handed down his decisions as if they were worthy of the Supreme Court. He very rarely had a case — about three or four a year —, but when he got them, and they were mostly speeders, he capitalized on them. Then out from the moth-balls would come the judge's robes, and court was in session. Unlike most country judges, who let speeders off with a stiff fine, the judge insisted that each individual should have a trial, saying that there would be no breach of constitutional rights in his court. Very often, however, this strict observance of constitutional rights meant a delay of about six to seven hours for the unfortunate culprit. During the trial itself he used a mixture of his ordinary, everyday speech with an amazing vocabulary of legal words, usually misplaced. For instance, one might hear him say, "The court finds this

here man guilty of speedin' in the first degree and hereby fines him twenty dollars payable immejutly." I remember several speeders who were arrested for speeding in expensive Cadillacs who would gladly have paid fifty dollars if they could have left right away, but under Judge Wetherbee's injunction they were forced to remain and participate in their own trials. Curiously enough, Ivan's method of holding court had real results, for few people who would not mind paying the fine, would care to risk several hours' delay at their trial. Consequently, on a busy day one could stand on a hilltop and watch the cars zoom by at seventy miles per hour, pass the sign that says "You are now entering Judge Wetherbee's district," immediately slow down to about fifteen miles per hour until safely out of the district, and then resume speeding.

Ivan's second favorite occupation was the telephone company. He was actually president, chairman of the board, and board of the Pleasant Valley Telephone Company, and received a salary for each of these positions. The Pleasant Valley Exchange consisted of eighteen antiquated telephones on one party system. All of them were cranked by hand and were run by dry cells. I discovered that several times in the past the modern Bell Telephone System had offered to buy out the Pleasant Valley Exchange, which of course would mean new instruments for the customers, new wires strung, and free maintenance by the telephone company. It would also mean, however, that Ivan would have to give up his powerful and lucrative position as the company's head and staff and only stockholder. Thus at the stockholders' meeting the president and board always made the motion to reject the offer, and every time this motion was seconded by the stockholder. After a while the Bell System just gave up.

It was rather amusing to me to see how Ivan billed his customers. Instead of charging a flat rate per month as most systems do, Ivan charged ten cents a call for each local call

— five cents of which was to be paid by the person who called, and the other five by the person who was called. For foreign calls (the name officially given to all calls made outside the valley), the rate was proportionately higher. I would receive a bill like this: Ross to Silas Greene — .05, Ross to Hank Jones — .05, Foreign call to Cleveland — .35. Once you made your call, Mr. Wetherbee would remain on the line throughout your conversation, adding his own comments here and there, and in some cases actually monopolizing the conversation. People of the valley were not offended by this, however; I suppose they rather expected it, for in his unusual capacity Ivan knew all of the valley news and was only too eager to tell it. His customers did not mind this lack of privacy; they rather felt that if the news wasn't fit to be told over the phone, it just wasn't fit to be told.

Ivan was certainly a man of broad interests; otherwise, he would not have undertaken all that he did. But in a larger sense, he was very narrow minded. Hastings Corner was the measuring stick by which he gaged everything else, and anything that occurred outside a valley of six miles by two and a half miles was "foreign" to him. He did not concern himself with national or foreign affairs, because they affected him so little. Thus his whole philosophy seemed to us to be rather pathetic. Here was a man who was so very important in his own community but who knew little and cared less about how other people lived. A fine example of American isolationism.

Ivan had an inner circle about him. Every Friday night several farmers of the neighborhood would gather at his store to play gin rummy and swap stories. It was really an exclusive organization, since only the best farmers and the longest residents of the valley were invited to join. One of the standing jokes of the farm with us boys was how soon it would be before we were invited to become members, realizing that there was about as much chance of that as getting a

day off in hay-baling time. You can imagine, therefore, the genuine surprise we all felt when, the Monday before we were to leave for home, we all received postcards making us honorary members of the Friday Night Gin Rummy and Other Social Affairs Club of Hastings Corner, Ivan Wetherbee — President. We joked and laughed about it, but secretly we all felt pretty pleased, for this was real recognition by the farmers — I suppose it was equivalent to winning a letter in farming. Sandy maintained, like the cynic that he is, that they had made us members just to get their hands on our payroll money, but I could tell that he felt good about it, too. It meant that we were finally accepted by the farm folk, and to anyone who knows with what disdain city slickers are looked upon by country people, they will realize, I am sure, what a genuine achievement it was.

THE INTERESTED

By N. R. Rolde

THE YOUNG man in the faded sweatshirt sang softly to himself as he walked down the sidewalk. His name was Claugherty, Kenneth Claugherty, age twenty-three, an able-bodied voter and taxpayer of the borough of Yonkers, and on Saturday, his only day off from the job of shipper for the Brissler Interstate Co., office, 21 E. 51st St., telephone Jackson 8764, he was in search of amusement. He had nowhere in particular to go . . . maybe a movie, maybe a bar, it's too early for a canhouse, guess I'll go there tonight with Kell, guess a movie is the best bet. He stopped to buy a paper at the newsstand.

"Dotty Lamour in 'The Jungle Princess', sounds pretty good," he thought. "Pretty sexy too, I'll bet."

He reached the theater just as the Pathé rooster was crowing the introduction to the news of the day. Kenneth was annoyed. The news never interested him, although he liked the pictures of bathing beauties.

As he took his seat, scenes of the fighting in China were flashing across the screen. Burning villages, dead children lying in the rubble, bombing planes, mechanized warfare, long lines of refugees, pathetic scenes of death and destruction. Kenneth yawned, thoroughly bored. Where was Dotty Lamour?

The voice of the commentator sounded grim.

And these ships are being loaded with scrap iron to be sent to Japan, to be used in the manufacturing of weapons for the campaign in China.

Kenneth unwrapped a Hershey bar and proceeded to munch loudly.

There was a short now. Something about send food to the poor starving children of Spain. Save them from the ravages of civil war. And it showed pictures of emaciated, ribs-showing belly-bloated children with sad eyes and long faces.

Kenneth unwrapped another Hershey bar.

Suddenly, with a burst of music and a flash of color, a familiar face appeared upon the screen.

It was Mickey Mouse.

Kenneth sat up, his interest aroused. "Well for Chris' sakes, this is really something."

HEKTOR LISTENS FROM THE RAMPARTS

By W. J. Kaiser

Hush.

Hear the heavy turbulent roar
the sea brings in and flings against the walls
resounding now along the shore:

War

The cold wind that sighs among the silent stones
echoes back in mournful monotonies
that hope has fled Scamander's banks.
Weeping noiselessly the night winds bear
on fragrant sacrificial incense
that saturates the summer air:

Despair

And down below in clustered tents
stretched beside the sanguine plain,
sleep the slayers of the slain.
Standing high above, he wonders: Why?
But from the sea, in solemn breath
comes the sole reply:

Death

THE MIDDLE AGES

By B. L. Ingraham

C'est, dist Gargantua, ce que dit Platon, Liv. V. de Repub., que lors les republiques seroient heureuses, quand les roys philosopheroient ou les philosophes regneroient.—RABELIAS

ROME was a strong and civilized empire, but the soul of the people had decayed. After Golgotha a spiritual cloud slowly eclipsed the temporal Sun, and the “dark age” descended upon Earth. How dark was it really? Did it not enlighten Man, rediscover his soul, without which the magnificent Renaissance would have been but an inane reflection of the latest and the worst of Roman art? And was it not the fertile source of our modern arts and sciences?

However, by the Thirteenth Century the temporal Sun again emerged from behind the cloud and shone mightily and cruelly down on a dazzled Earth. Formerly the Church had impressed its own might, deposed Kings, and suffered thousands to die on useless crusades; now it was succumbing to its own sickness. When Luther exposed the vanities and pagan institutions of the Church as false, he destroyed a multitude of evils, freed men’s minds from spiritual slavery, and opened up a new age for them — but did he render us so great a service? For

centuries of revolt began; centuries of religious and political turmoil accompanied the disintegration of the Church. But this is not an appreciation of either medieval art or religion; such an appreciation could easily be argued pro and con. The appreciation is focussed on the temporary extermination by the Church of the temporal, the political sickness of mankind.

* * * * *

“Let us now discuss the three worst plagues of modern Man, which, Thomas, coming from a different world, you must needs be unaware.”

“Nor of the modern philosophies whence they stemmed.”

“They are three: nationalism, racialism, and political ideology. Of the three nationalism is the most peculiar. It is a wide-spread sentiment which makes men of similar environment, customs, and races group to form a nation and then expand, sacrificing their lives in war to force upon other little groups of peoples their ways and their governments, or then consolidate, sacrificing their lives to keep other nations from doing likewise. Thus nation envelops nation, finding the conquered the same as the conquering. Still, in the process, millions lose their lives carelessly, killed by men who never knew them, by illusory propaganda, and killing in a like manner. For then, why did my country have to conquer Germany, or Germany conquer her? The people are the same, with the same love of freedom; for no government has lasted long but by the will of the people.”

“Because people, in their blindness, attempting to arrive at a solution, erect sectional, private, and exclusive laws instead . . . Racialism is also peculiar. Here it is a case of peoples grouping from similar racial stocks to form whole races, none actually inferior to the other. But they hate each other for their differences: in color (Does the jay hate the tanager?), in tongue (All are sounds, all musical.), and in background (even though they all spring from the same source). To you, my

friend, it is a strange grievance; but by today everyone knows the evils of racialism."

"Why, then, does it persist?"

"Because similar men inherently love to hate different men and to impress their superiority on them. The third, political ideology, is by far the most stupid, and our last century has been one of ludicrous folly because of it. Millions have relinquished life for *ideas*, none of them right or truthful. For instance, Russians are willing to die for Communism, but what is Communism to them other than a manifestation of home? We are willing to be forced into wars *to keep the world safe for democracy*. Jesus, we have no conception of democracy in this country. It is amusing; some nations condone self-extinction for the tenets of Socialism, when they come nearer the tenets of Democracy than we do. ' that they should not have died in vain ' is now a worn-out phrase, for they have died in vain, and all will continue to die in vain. I cannot see it. What is more precious than Life? When they put you in the ground, you rot. You are no good except to the bugs who grow fat on you. You have no soul; then where can it go? What good then are your ideas, or your racial superiority, or your nationality? You will putrify and fertilize the common ground, and that is the closest you will come to political truth."

"It grieves me to hear such a faithless conception of Life, and such a cynicism toward the after-life. How can man live better than a beast without a soul? Has the voice of Christ grown so faint, or are your ears filled with the howlings of sinners? What you say about nationalism, racialism, and modern governments has truth. Are not men repulsed by what is ugly to them? How each of these defies the three necessities of beauty: divisional nationalism contradicts *integritas* or wholeness; bitter racialism, *consonantia* or harmony; and insipid political philosophies, *claritas* or brilliance."

* * * * *

The Church of the Middle Ages tyrannized men and their freedom of thought by its promise, or threat, of the after-life. But it did give the priceless gift of Peace. Imagine the freedom of the serf beside the freedom of the modern American freedman. Who denies we are a war-nervous, unstrung, and neurotic people? Why the divorces, the crimes, the rapes, the boom in psychoanalytic treatments and the shameless investigations? Our minds are cramped by public opinion, patriotism, racialism, radicalism or conservatism, this 'ism and that 'ism. Human ideas have been tabulated by political thinkers, and we are required to file ours in the proper space. For, what freedom does democracy give but to pay homage to democracy? Why do we rush — there are years and years ahead of us? Because we are slaves of time. We eat, sleep, work, and play by the clock. Through a profusion of bells we run our daily routine, drop into bed at night exhausted, awake again to bells. Is this free life?

Now, the serf, with all the miseries of poverty and burdens of slavery, had sublime peace of mind. One of the heavenly joys Life provides us is work. What is more satisfying than to work and like it? The pleasures of the mind and body are the joys of minutes, but the pleasure of work lasts for hours. (True, on the other hand, nothing is more miserable than *unsatisfying* work, but need I defend the work of agriculture and other simple industries in which the serf was employed?) The wars he fought were with recalcitrant beasts of burden, with evasive beasts of the field, tongue battles with neighbors, tiny and infrequent struggles with his enemy. Invading hordes came between the centuries, sometimes never. He led his simple, spiritual, ignorant life without the multitudinous anxieties that weigh on the modern mind, and at its end was duly admitted to the Kingdom. What could be more satisfying? He received the promise of Immortality, freedom of leisure, freedom from care, and a certain amount of freedom from want. (Do we have

this freedom with our enormous dissatisfied elements?) He was without the millions of necessities that modern advertising and science have loaded on us, and still he was happy. I certainly do not advocate a return to medieval ways. How useless! But I do beg for a civilized world. A civilized world entails a free world, free from the bonds of religion, which tends to restrain the intellect; from the emotions of patriotism, which are destroying the earth; from racialism, which is nourishing hate; and of political ideology, which gives birth to armies and mass slaughters. Only when some vestige of this Freedom exists can some of the faults of our society: our system of law, our tumor of crime, our decadent political philosophy, and our wars, be corrected.

Note by the author: I'm no political agitator. Like Debs, I'm no Moses trying to lead the slaves of a system into the Promised Land. Like him, I know that if I led them in, someone else would lead them out.

ON BEDS

By W. J. Smith

FROM THE earliest known caveman to the most modern gentleman of the twentieth century, all have this one great thing in common — their use of a bed in one form or another. Here, perhaps, we have hit upon the one invention of man which will transcend all ages and civilizations; for, after all, what ever can replace the nightly comfort of a bed which is faithful to every man, no matter how humble his estate may be; yes, the old tradition of the bed will never die; it is the common gift to all mankind.

The caveman can be pictured groping about in the darkness in search of his cave, so utterly worn-out after his hard day at the hunt that he can scarcely support the weight of his club, and at last, upon reaching his cave, he has only enough energy remaining within him to give his mate an affectionate club-over-the-head and dive beneath the pile of bear skins, his faithful bed. Today this picture is equalled by the over-worked business man who taxies home from work with stock-market stomach, so tired that he can scarcely stand up in the elevator to his apartment. Bursting into his home, he burps past the outstretched arms of his lonesome wife and dives into his friendly bed, a fifteenth-century canopy bed of carved oak equipped with the latest electric blanket, and is soon fast asleep.

There is, of course, a distinction between a bed and a bedstead, more marked a century ago than today — the bedstead being the frame or furniture part, while the bed referred to the mattress. Now, one of the most valuable pieces of furniture in the household of the sixteenth century was the bedstead with its belongings. Often the bedstead was more valuable than all the other pieces of furniture put together; bedsteads were scarce, there often being but one to a house, and what is more important, the ownership of a bedstead and its belongings was a mark of social distinction. As was the case, great families were identified by their beds, and it became the vogue among the noble families of England to out-do one another by making more elaborate and more comfortable beds. Out of this most interesting rivalry grew the well-known phrase, "climb into bed"; it was literally true. The bedsteads themselves were massive frames carved out of oak and sporting the most elaborate designs you can imagine; they were an imposing sight to view. The huge canopy above the bed served as a protection against the weather in days when there were no windows, and much to the amazement of all who have seen such beds, there were piled, one on top of the other, mattresses often to the number of nine and ten. The height of the top of one of these beds from the floor was so great, that entrance and exit from the bed could be accomplished only through the use of a ladder; thus comes the phrase, "climb into bed".

In these days, beds had personality; they were family treasures handed down from one generation to the next with great pride on the part of the owner just because it was the "family bed". Today, the connoisseur of fine beds is greatly troubled because every generation but our own has developed some particular style of bed which could be dubbed characteristic of that generation. Yes, this alarming fact is true, we have not succeeded in creating a style adapted to our modern life. Perhaps it is just as well! Our life with its haste, its nervous-

ness, and its preoccupations does not inspire bed-makers. We can do no better than to accept the standards of other times, and adapt them to our uses.

What have been the results of this failure of our generation? Beds have become the victims of a disinterested age, an age which is content to sleep in a bed it knows George Washington slept in, or even Louis IV, for that matter. But, what is even more terrifying, this age is trying to obscure the sacred function of the bed, namely, to induce sleep, by making synthetic beds. In every furniture catalogue you can see these unholy instruments listed: studio couches, couch-bedsteads, slumber chairs, chaise-longues, settees, flemish couches, cornucopia sofas, and hosts of others. We who hate to see the hitherto uninvaded realm of the bed encroached upon by cheap imitations, feel that the public should be warned against such traps, set against unsuspecting sleep-seekers. Actually, we can account most of the restlessness of this age to the very fact that sleepless nights are robbing us of sleep-giving energy. The public has been fooled into believing that these "synthetics" are as good as the real thing. Consequently, nights of torture are driving men to death, a death not attributed to family beds, but to psychological disorders, over-work, nervous indigestion, and the like.

How soon the public will awake to the truth, it is hard to say. But the day is not far off, when someone will discover the usurper and at that time, everywhere, in every city there will be bonfires — the flames of which will be seen around the world; and at that time the bed will once more take its rightful place in society. And, years and years later, men will tell their children of a great night in the history of the world, when an evil instrument was destroyed in the name of humanity. Then, the father will climb-up the ladder leading to the top of the bed, lay his son gently upon the pile of feather mattresses, and watch him sink softly out of sight and into a peaceful sleep.

THE STOREKEEPER

By C. G. Poore

HE BENT UP from the table and looked around. For an instant everything rocked before his eyes; a cheerful feeling of weariness went over him. Then he remembered it was Wednesday, and on Wednesdays he always gave himself a half-hour holiday. He pulled out a medium-sized timepiece and gazed at its face once more. It was just time to leave.

Going over to the closet to put on his overcoat, he paused for a minute.

"Five-thirty, thirty-one," he said to himself "Slow, anyhow runs like me or tickety-toe the mouse trap tum ta tum A matchlock's a match and no one's making any more ho ho tum ta Light's on" He went over to turn it off, and stopped on his way out to give his store one more survey before he left, as if he had just put it to bed "Miniatures — J.S. still — frames, highboy (hi yourself), lamps, tables, red Susan, pewter, look at those little lamps, will you? red, sailboat wind and the Stafford, boots (never), Staffordshire, fordshire, shire trinkets, what will I do with, tic-toe, peekaboo, I see, the Decline, rise and fall slap, slap, slap

"Those women: 'My, what a darling crib. Where did

you ever in the whole wide' Dammem, wish I'd had a chi . . . yes . . . bast"

He looked through the room to his tinkering shop, too crowded with belongings and partly-chipped curios. It made a wonderful hubbub. "What am I standing here for? What am I standing Need's dusting in the morning If I only I only had a helper If I had a rose Night, little shop Haven't I told you fifty times not to slam that door?"

His mother used to say that to him, forty years ago. It made him gloomy. With a kind of forced quickness he turned away and walked down the street. People went by, threads in the dusk, but he could not see them.

He paced on slowly, absorbed in a maze of songs, unconscious songs that were beats to his snatches of words. He sang them soundlessly in his head. "Am I gonna, how about it, you know I'm going to say -ay -ay -ay -ay oh that is fine yes ten blocks left unless I take, reduced from nine to sih-ih-ix ninety-five. We invite you, ladies, to try our blended Willow Street, nine more to go. Bless those policemen, my children."

He noticed a flower shop he hadn't seen before and went over to look in. Two women were standing in one corner where the salesgirl was opening a showcase. He went in. The salesgirl was talking.

"This one, madam?"

"No, something more like gardenias Mmm."

"But — Caroline," said the younger one. "You know how he is about"

"It is rather gaudy. Let's see, this smaller one?"

"Oh, well."

The younger one, the unnamed, had almost faced in his direction. As she did he deadened his gaze. Yet, all at once, in his moodiness, he began to remember.

In the midst of this shop, almost like a garden, he had

been reminded of someone he had seen, hundreds of years ago (someone he had wished for, with a useless kind of longing), a girl who had died away, a bending blade of grass

He looked across at a small pot with a tunnel landscape on top. He stared at it, a little too intently, disliking the covering sheen of shellac. The plant was awful pretty.

"Did you want something, sir?" the salesgirl asked gently.

The girl had gone. "I, that is, I was just resting a bit." (What a lot of foolishness, he thought.)

"Doesn't matter, sir. But if I could find you anything, why —"

"Very kind of you, Miss — ? Uh, well, that plant over there —"

"This one?"

"Yes; I sort of like it."

"Certainly, sir. I'll wrap it up for you. Would you like a gift wrapping? Is it for someone else? Sir?"

"What?" (What was she saying? he asked himself. Is it for — ?) "Why, yes, yes it is."

Then, with that sudden, shaking answer, he lost all consciousness; he fell away, into a dreamed-of world.

Now the sidewalk seemed to tip and slope under his feet. There were so many signs around and above him; the tubed medley of lights warmed the crispness of the evening (and who could guess if these colors condensed, as the gaiety ebbed, to run through the thickly-beautiful oil that flowed by the curb in the morning?). . . . From a second story, from a second-story window he heard children laugh.

". . . I should get a present for him, too," he thought, with the plant under his arm. "Dickie — no, must remember to call him Richard — there's not much I can buy you at this time, son, the stores are all closed, Daddy will find you an — airplane — later."

He turned in to his apartment house, number thirty-nine,

unlocking the inside door after a struggle. He opened his mailbox, dragged his fingers through it, and brushed them off on his coat. After a moment he started up the stairway, counting the steps.

"One, two, three, four . . . five, six, pick up sticks, nine, ten, big fat hen . . . She'll be waiting for me . . . second floor, glad I don't live in the middle, one, two, remember, Richard; five, seven, seven, eight . . . Why doesn't someone . . . thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courtin . . ."

The last words were so swift, so sharp. But they brought him back again. Now he could see it was just a nursery rhyme — the vision of home, the delusion of home, came to him with a slap. For a second he was numb; then he cried, and it was the cry of a boy, not a man.

There was a short, flat, cracking sound as the pot fell on the landing below. He took a breath, quivering through his tautness; then he felt heavily dizzy, and his arm swung back at his side when he reached for the doorknob.

The spasm subsided enough to let him get through, and he sat himself suddenly down in an armchair.

There were two more chairs in the room, but he never used them. "One's all I need," he had often told (himself).

OI' O

By J. M. Steadman

OI' O! HUAKA'I-PO! Aumakua! What do these words mean to you? Are they anything more than combinations of those curlicues of ink we call letters? I doubt it.

But to the kamaaina, the old timer or son of the soil of Hawaii, these syllables are meaningful and terrorfule. They are the names of the ghosts and spirits of Hawaii. And their night march — the huaka'i-po, or procession of the dead — is one of the most feared events in Hawaiian legend.

Sure, scoff, you mainlanders, you coast haoles — "stupid native superstition." But superstition, like religion, has its roots in those memories before memory begins, in one's earliest childhood days. To those who have lived in Hawaii from the moment of their birth, to those whose ancestors have for four generations been steeped with the lore of Hawaii, to those who have heard wrinkled Hawaiians tell the stories of the fireballs of the sacred Kukui groves, of the rampages of the volcano goddess Pele, of the exploits of the menehunes of Kauai, — in short, to me — the superstitions take on a meaning that overpowers all the frantic working of my logical mind with an emotion nurtured from childhood. Oh, sure, under the clear rays of a New England sun, I too laugh and mock; but get me under the tropic moon with the night

air seemingly quivering with some singularly Hawaiian spirit, and somehow, within my heart, although my mind cries no, somehow a belief, deep, undeniable, indescribable, takes hold.

Huaka'i-po, the procession of the dead. The very word calls back to me again that sheer, undisguised terror I felt that July night four years ago when I myself heard the huaka'i-po, that night when I discarded all rational thought and my only faith was the faith of fear. For thirteen years the legend had been building up in my mind, a bit here, a bit there. On certain nights, sacred to one of the four great Hawaiian gods Kane, Lono, Ku, or Kanaloa, the O'i'o or spirit ranks would appear either to march to some sacred place or to welcome the uhane, or soul, of a dying relative, and conduct it to the aumakua world. Dressed in the ancient garb of Hawaiian royalty, upon his head a red Roman-like feather helmet, thrown over his shoulders a priceless cape of red and yellow made only from the two feathers from the breast of the o'o bird, the spirit chief walks. Five abreast, the spirit marchers follow, scarletting the night with their torches and raising their voices in chants of old Hawaii. The goard drums pound, and the nose-flutes give off their nasal squeak.

But the whip-lash to the whole legend, which makes the huaka'i-po the most feared of Hawaiian spiritual phenomena, is the extreme danger of meeting one of these marches. "O-ia!" (let him be pierced) cries the leader, and a ghostly spear strikes dead the worldly observer. Only the interposition of a dead relative among the marchers will save him. Mokiau, the old cowboy of the Molokai Ranch, once advised me the best thing to do was to remove all clothing, lie down, and feign sleep.

And then this story my mother told at the dinner table one evening didn't exactly tend to alleviate my fears. Malae-kahana Point on Oahu is one of those places that spirits are

supposed to pass over frequently. Out on this point, a couple with a four-year old girl had built a little week-end bungalow. Well, one night the little child was out playing on the lawn when suddenly she began to scream and yell, wave her hands about, and cry out, "Help! Help! They're trying to take me away." The parents, needless to say, rushed over, took her inside the house, and finally quieted her enough to ask her what had frightened her so. And then this tot told them: she described perfectly the feather helmet and cape of the chief, the torches, the beating drums, and the squeaking nose-flutes. She had seen them marching along, and they came and tried to carry her away with them. This from a child, the parents swore, who had never even heard of the huaka'i-po.

So much of others. Now of myself. How shall I describe the setting? It was on the island of Molokai, second smallest in population, and a deserted part of the island at that. Three of us, camped out on a hunting trip, were walking along a trail on the side of a hill about an hour after sundown when suddenly — it seemed very, very far away — I heard the sound of a pounding drum. At first it was barely a quiver in the air, but then the others heard it too. For almost that minute that proverbially seems ages, we remained paralyzed, as the beats got louder and louder, as the drums seemingly approached nearer and nearer. And then with a stab to our hearts like the point of the ghostly spearman's weapon, suddenly the squeal of a nose flute joined in with, we could swear it, the faint undertone of chanting human voices. Through my mind rushed every fragment of the legend of the huaka'i-po: the flaming torches, the spirit chief, the "o-ia" of the leader. Certainly I believed, with an intense and deep belief. This truly was the faith of fear — in terror the unreal had become real. And then we started running. None of this removing clothes and feigning sleep stuff for us. Not when it seemed as if the procession was right on the other side of

the hill. That night my legs were driving pistons, my lungs tireless bellows. When we hit the campsite, finally we stopped and listened again. Not a sound. The night was death-still.

What was it? Scraping bark, howl of the wind, or any of the other stock excuses offered? No one is ever going to convince me that what we heard was anything but a huaka'ipo. Because I am sure those were drums that came closer and closer, I am sure that was a nose flute that joined in, I am sure that on the other side of that hill ghosts of old Hawaii were on the march. And I'm not the only one. Many Hawaiians and those of foreign blood, too, have heard or seen the same thing. "There are more things on heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Isn't it so, though?

SATURDAY NIGHT

By R. M. Gordon, Jr.

IT WAS Saturday night, in St. Louis, in July. We stepped out of the dance hall, and the heat was the same outside as it had been in the dance. There was no relief in the air that night. Your clothes stuck to your body, your mouth cotton, your hands were sticky and dirty no matter how many times you had washed them. We moved down the street, looking in the windows, watching the girls, the boys, the many couples. A man and woman moved soberly into a movie; a laughing young couple came out and passed into a restaurant. Now two boys swung briskly down the street and into a beer hall; and now a solitary girl hurried past us, her head bent low, her body nearly touching the darkened buildings.

We turned into a place marked "Bel-Tavern". It had a red sign and a red window. The walls inside were red, long and low and red, with yellow lights glowing dimly around them, and a blue haze drifting above the heads of the crowd, forced up by the heat, the pungent smell of liquor, and people. The bar was short, split in the middle by the steel drain and beer spigots. Behind it a mirror cast a glittering reflection of the faces of the people slouched before it.Flushed men, powdered women; people laughing, people drinking; noisy people, quiet people. And the bar-tender, moving back and

forth, mopping and pouring and mixing. A young soldier stared blankly at the glistening bottles of whiskey stacked behind the bar. A girl stood close beside him, her blond hair falling to her shoulders, her slim figure outlined in clinging black. She was laughing loudly with an older man; but as she talked, her eyes played over the soldier's face, trying to divert his fixed stare. Finally, getting neither a drink from the old man, nor a glance from the soldier, she turned abruptly through the door and was gone. And the old man turned to the soldier and smiled; but the soldier, noticing him no more than he had the girl, slowly lowered his eyes to the drink clutched between his hands. Then suddenly draining the glass, he too whirled out into the street and was gone. A couple rose from a table, so we left the bar and sat down. A big waitress in a damp print dress, her forehead and upper lip dotted with beads of sweat, cleaned away the bottles and left with our order. She moved with a swift easy rhythm among the crowded tables, her large face spread in a generous smile. My eyes followed her about the room, to a table where sat two couples. The men had stripped off their coats and rolled their shirt sleeves to the elbows. Each fondled his beer glass in one hand, and the shoulder of his laughing wife with the other. Back in a corner of the room, two old men in overcoats and hats sat in earnest conversation. And beside them a crowd of boys roared at a story told by a colored trumpeter. The room was a mixture of youth and age. There were kids playing at thrills, acting their part with ease and expertness, showing the world that they had come of age. There were the drunks, the rum-bums of misfortune, victims of environment. There were the little people, dull, slow-witted: truckdrivers, maids. People whose idea of fun and relaxation is six drinks and an order of french fries every Saturday night in some hot noisy tavern. And I asked myself what was going to come out of this, what good and decency

could survive the hundreds of thousands of places like this. But then the negro musicians stopped their wandering from table to table; and, moving to their small, raised platform, their heads nearly touching the ceiling, they started to play. And a boy and girl rose and started to dance. They were dressed like all the other kids. The boy wore a black shirt and black, draped trousers; no tie, no coat. The girl was in a white blouse and a glossy black skirt, slit half-way up one side of her leg. They were alone on the little floor; there wasn't room for anyone else. The noise didn't stop, but the people turned to watch them. The music was fast; the dance, jazz. The song was "Tea for Two" but played the way you've never heard it before. The tempo was so fast that the vocalist finally gave up, and sat just beating his guitar. The boy and girl were traveling. They were moving fast and hard. Her legs were high and flashing, and his were quick and sure. They snapped their fingers, shagged in; they slapped their hands, shuffled back. They kicked away right, they kicked away left. They spun in close together, then whirled far apart.

It was river boat jive, it was a religion, it was a love, a love of motion, a love of youth. It had nothing to do with the past or future; it was tonight, this minute, now. It was body motion, nature, physical love — hard and fast and strong — spinning, turning, twisting — surging forward, reeling back, pouring out the flames of graceful, throbbing bodies. It was an age, wild and headstrong, but sure and proud.

But now a slight pause from the bandstand, a change of tunes, and they were through. He grabbed his coat, then hers; and without touching each other, but moving as one, they brushed out into the night. And we rose and followed in the hot sultry streets.

THREE VARIATIONS ON A THEME

ODE TO A NOISESOME NIGHTTIME GNAT

By S. W. Chandler

Must you tire me all the time
With your constant buzzing rhyme?
That high pitched sound — where you bite, you will reap,
Go away — I want to sleep!

Ahh.

I've slapped him!

Now I hear you, little gnat;
How I wonder where you're at.
If you bite me you will be
Heading for eternity.
Though my blood is very tasty
I will make you pasty wasty
Hexapodial trachiate
Arthropod you were of late
Now you are a gooey mess
Twixt my fingers and my chest.
No! I still hear you. God bless it gnat,
By now with blood you must be fat.
Scat gnat.

INSECTA AMERICANA

By H. E. Kaplan

Flies, June Bugs, mosquitoes, and fleas,
Beetles, moths, hornets, and bees
Dash in my window every night
To dance and play around my light.

It's a wonderful time I have here in bed,
With a June Bug buzzing away on my head.
It's "cops-and-robbers" or "hide-and-seek"
As the damn little ants climb onto my cheek.

The lovable silverfish, without any fear,
Climbs up my neck and hides in my ear;
And the vibrant cockroach, cheerful and bright,
Keeps me busy most of the night.

Then when I crawl under the covers,
A threat'ning wasp above me hovers;
He leaves me alone all through the day
And stings me when in bed I stay.

I'm beaten, scratched, and awfully bruised,
I'm stung and bitten; I'm so abused.
Please go away. I cannot fight,
You awful bugs sting and bite.

All over my bed you crawl and creep,
So every night I cannot sleep.
Them's the reasons why I hatecha,
Ya horrible products of Mudder Natcha!

FROM INDIA'S SUNNY CLIME

By S. W. Chandler

Oh, the night descended black
As the grime upon our backs
And oh, my God! how all the bugs did crawl.
And the Indian platoon
With its uniforms maroon,
Had just come back from fighting in a brawl.

'Twas the stinking smell of sweat —
For their uniforms were wet —
That kept mosquitoes buzzing there from biting.
But we bloomin' English blighters,
Though we're damned good insect fighters,
Could only kill them off by dynamiting.

And 'twas smack, smack, smack,
All the insects on my back,
And oh my God! how all the blood did run;
We made them disappear,
Though by blood, and sweat, and tear,
So we got the filthy bugs with our spray guns.

'Twas "I say, old chap, what ho!"
And "We'll get the blokes, you know,
If you'll just hand me the D.D.T., old blade."
And 'twas "Quick, Alphonse, the flit!"
And "We'll get them bit by bit."
So we ran around with spray guns and we sprayed.

So now all the bugs are dead,
And of England's men 'tis said
"They've never lost while fighting for the queen."
So we'll keep that grand tradition
And use flit for ammunition
And the nighttime bugs won't be where we have been.

OF TOLERANCE

By W. J. Kaiser

INTOLERANCE results from a lack of sympathy, and sympathy comes from understanding; understanding is the complement of intelligence. The degree of tolerance a man possesses, therefore, reflects the amount of his intelligence. The intolerance of which I speak, it should be clearly understood, is that state of mind in which a man dislikes something or someone so intensely that, *although it is harmful neither to him nor to anyone else*, he cannot suffer its presence. It is obvious that man cannot tolerate that which would harm or destroy him; but the man who is intolerant of a person, an action, or an idea (for intolerance is generally of one of these three things) merely because it displeases him or is contrary to his philosophy clearly exhibits his lack of intelligence.

As men have reached higher levels of refinement, it seems logical that their increased intelligence should have produced more tolerance. Yet today intolerance is tragically prevalent; it is found on every side, in places where it is to be least expected. What is the answer to this paradox? It is simply this: men, with their advanced learning, have contributed more and more things which complicate living; increased knowledge, as it always does, has made men more uncertain than they were before they learned. The resultant chaotic state of the world is being reflected in the ideas which are propounded and are being put into action today. But men, in general, have been unable to understand all of these innovations, and the uncertain and confused state of their minds has bred intolerance. Because they

cannot understand something which is new to them, they take the unintelligent course — the easiest course — of refusing to examine it for its usefulness and its benefits. They condemn it and would have it done away with.

It has been mentioned previously that there are three main types of intolerance: intolerance of a person, intolerance of an action, and intolerance of an idea. Of these three, by far the most dangerous is the latter, intolerance of an idea, for its consequences are far and away the most disastrous. I should be the last to advocate optimistic subscribing to every new idea; but I also readily condemn the opposite action of cynical intolerance because one does not agree with a new idea. It rests with the individual to judge an idea on its merits; but, if he finds himself in disagreement with it, he should nevertheless heartily support its right of existence as long as it harms no one. There certainly can be no progress without new ideas. The bad ones must be allowed free competition with the good ones so that men may see accurately and choose accordingly. The righteous ideas will triumph in this comparison, and the evil of the bad ones will be exposed. If one is not willing to submit an idea to this test, then the idea is worthless; if one does not possess the faith to believe that the right idea will triumph, then life is meaningless.

Tolerance is consideration; tolerance is live and let live; tolerance is brotherly love. This, I think, is the love which the author had in mind when he wrote, for this age:

“Never more tragically than today has mankind
been Oedipus at Thebes, or needed more des-
perately to ponder the assurance of the dying
king that

‘one word
Makes all these difficulties disappear:
That word is love.’”

Only with tolerance can mankind progress; and progress is the only justification for existence.

“FOR WANT OF A NAIL”

By R. L. Yager

ON DECEMBER twentieth, nineteen hundred and forty-seven, I witnessed nine bizarre minutes that left their mark on the people involved. As long as they lived, they would speak of that day with awe. It was an emotional drama of human frailty that clogged a great machine.

It was 8:45 A. M. and the hands on the wall clock stood like the blades of golden shears. Until this moment there had been no hint of what was to come. The girl cashier, the manager, the assistant manager had betrayed nothing of their fears. The customers were wholly unaware.

Then it happened! The great, marvelous, complex machine that is the Horn and Hardart Automat faltered, missed fire, and broke down.

The line in back of me began to grow. People joined the back end, but the front end did not move. A minute later the line had filled to the revolving doors. It began to get warmer. The man in front of me loosened his tie. The line became restless. The front man was still the front man, eager, beginning to salivate, dollar in hand. The customers began to sense that something was exceedingly strange.

By 8:48 the effect was being felt at the steam table. The oat-meal boy was idle. The fry-cook had time on his hands. The

usually crowded space around the doughnut slots was deserted and barren. The coffee spouts had begun to cool. There were low murmurs in the crowd. Stranger spoke to stranger, always an ominous sign.

An impatient cry came from a man far back in line.

"Hey! What's the matter up there? Whatsa delay?"

A prim old lady wearing a hard-brimmed hat and veil, Vassar 1889, lifted the veil and turned to appraise this egregious person. A big heavy man in a striped green-and-white T-shirt broke formation and looked over into the cage. The cashier, a slender girl in a blue-checked gingham dress, folded her arms and gazed resolutely out into West Seventy-second Street.

The manager, a portly man with a black mustache, was on the floor of the cage fumbling with the combination of the safe. His brow was wet. After a time he made a frantic telephone call. The girl cashier looked at him and seemed to hang on his every word.

The assistant manager, a handsome fellow in a tan gaberdine suit and red knit tie, hurried into the cage, surveyed the situation, then posted himself solidly outside. He was young, but bore the look of one bred to responsibility. Back at the steam table, a solitary customer was making up his mind.

"Saaay, whats a matter! Let's get goin' up there!"

The protest was low, but tremulous this time. This was no question; it was a demand. The old woman turned and appraised the speaker again. People moved out of line demanding an explanation. The assistant manager squared his shoulders; he realized it was time to face up. He cleared his throat, touched the knot of his tie, and spoke:

"We haven't any nickels." His voice was well-toned, but he held an unnatural calm.

Mouths dropped open. Disbelief sparkled in listless eyes. No nickels! It could not be possible. For decades there had been nickels. Why not now? No nickels no nickels. Even

the old lady lost a bit of composure. "For goodness sakes," she said.

The line stood mute and nobody smiled. The human mind can adjust itself to many conditions, but not an Automat without nickels.

As I stood in that almost hallowed silence, I gazed at the panorama of people about me. The sweating manager, the unmovable assistant manager, the resolute cashier, the prim old lady, the man in front of me, the woman in back of me, every face seemed shadowed with disbelief. It was impossible! An established mechanical process halted in this mechanical age? Never! It was the old question of machines taking the place of man, and when something happens to the machine, man is lost and helpless. And yet it seemed to me that this instance was the answer to that question. No matter how vast, how complex, how perfect machines may be, there is always the human being, the human mind behind them, controlling them. Machines are only tools in the hands of men; men are not tools in the hands of machines. I realized that man's imperfection is the control, the permanent stop-gap, to any mechanical domination. Not man's inventions, but man himself is the key to the preservation or destruction of civilization.

As I mused, historical moments passed. At exactly 8:52 a little man of middle age spun through the revolving door, crashed through the line, and held a hurried consultation with the manager and the assistant manager. Then he hurried into the cage and knelt before the safe.

At 8:55 the combination worked; the heavy door swung open. Bag after bag of nickels poured into the till. The manager mopped his brow and the cashier began making change.

The line moved; the Automat was automatic again.

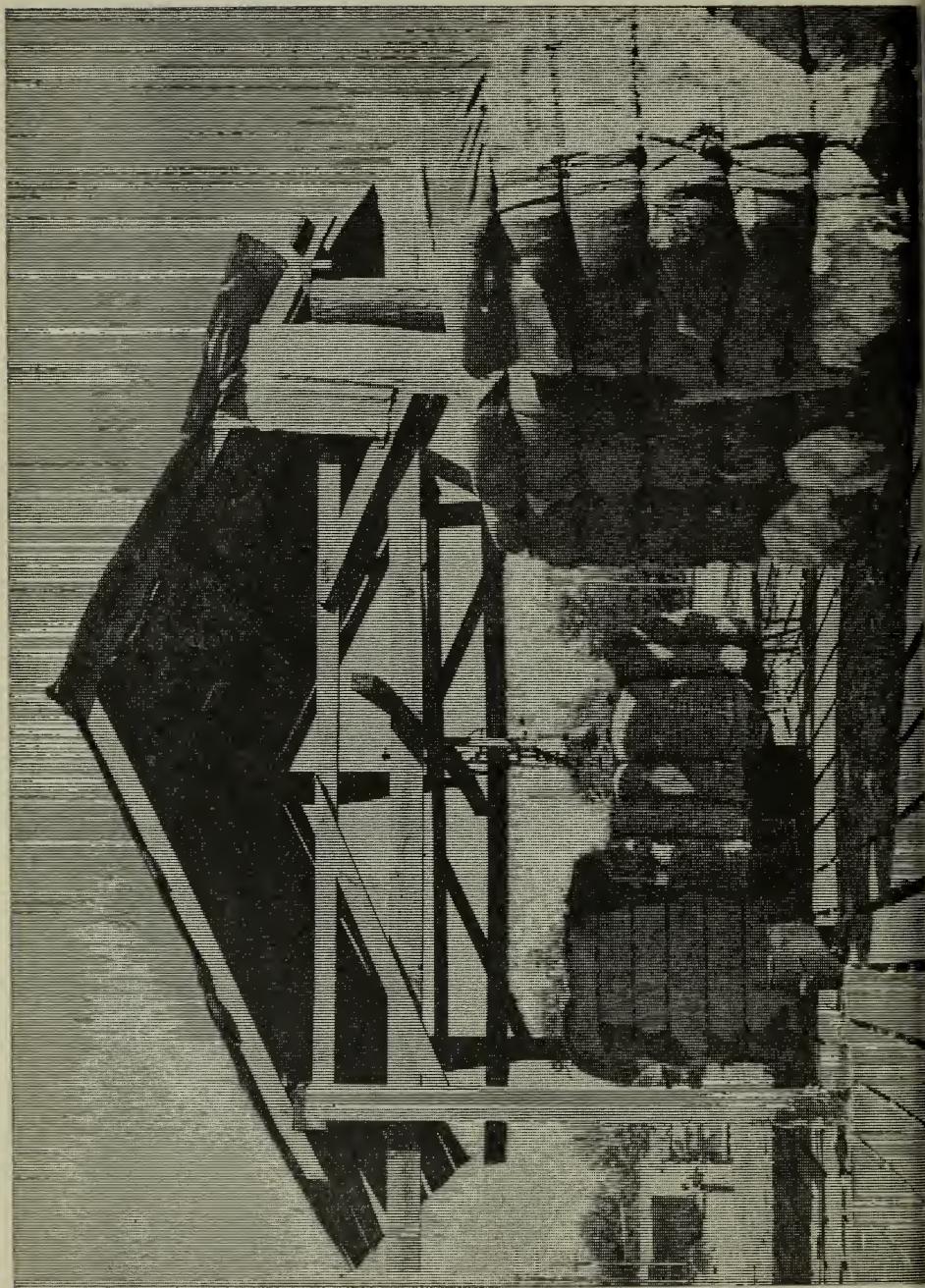
LOCAL COLOR

By K. F. Stuckey

THIS is a story of North Carolina. Not the North Carolina of twenty years ago complete with cracker-barrel and pot-bellied stove, nor even the North Carolina of the new era, when fifty-two colleges and universities spread light and grammar to the small towns; this is the story of the transition. The narrator is one of the old school. He went to college and majored in English and social studies, but it only tempered and didn't change him. He is of the generation that separates the Old South from the New, when the old expressions are spoken with almost good grammar. The stove is gone, but the men who sat around it still exist, and their ability to collect and tell stories (yarns if you prefer) and make a store the social center, remains with them, a heritage from the past.

The dialogue, therefore, is transitional, tempered to reality rather than the romantic idea that the South is still untouched by the coming age of learning. When you read this story, remember that even learning comes by half-steps, and you will understand the view of a last generation of half-breeds.

I don't really know what I think about him, but I somehow put Daddy Grace in a class with those parasitic vines that



you sometimes see clamped on to three or four little scrub trees in a North Carolina hollow. You see, Daddy's racket is too high-class for just one state; he covers the entire southern seaboard.

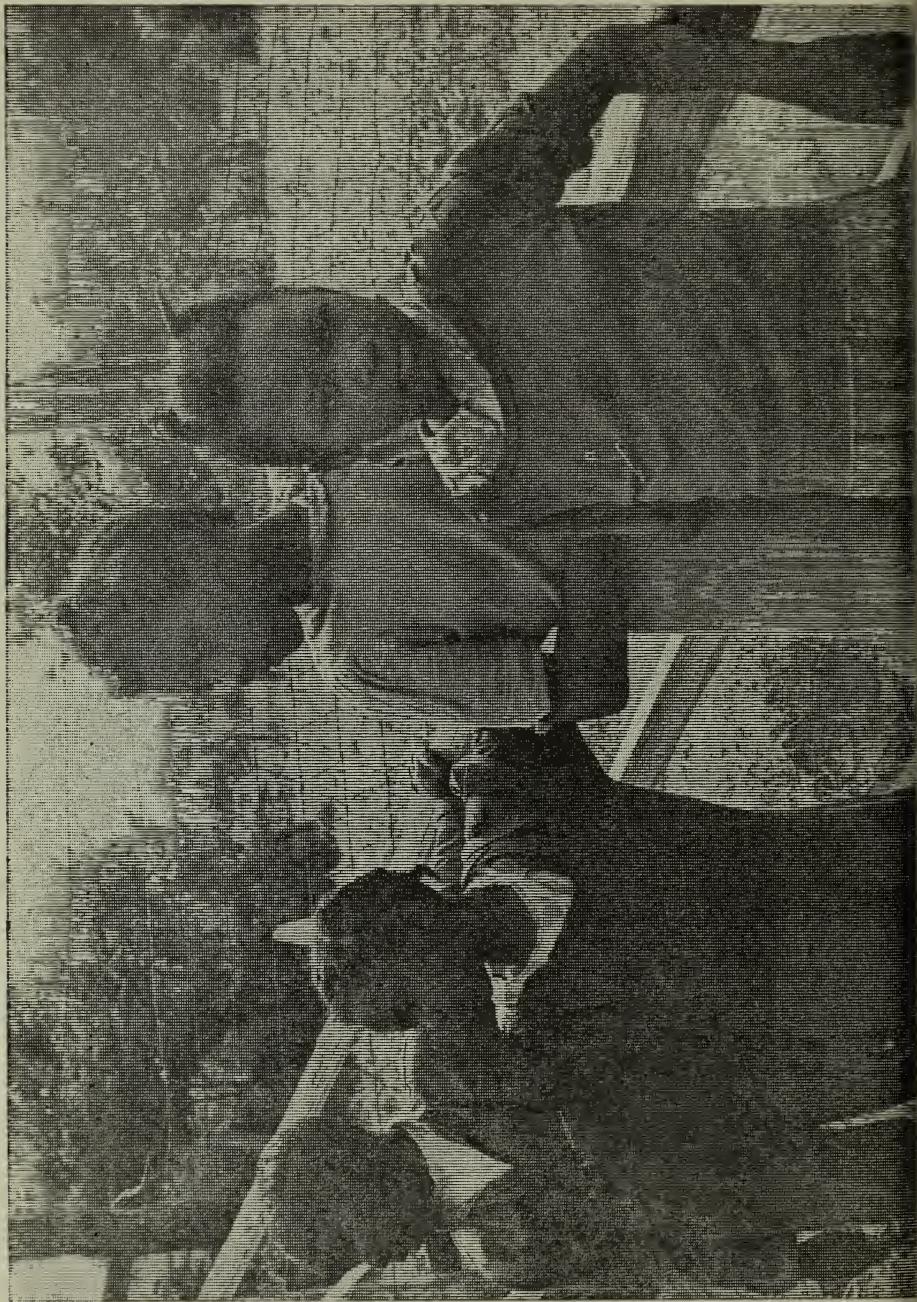
He really isn't much to look at, just a fat, dark-skinned Portuguese-negro mixture. But he does his best to keep up appearances by wearing his hair and fingernails long. You see, Daddy's a false prophet, but outside of several huge glass-diamond rings which he wears on his fingers and flashes, trying to gain prestige, he just looks well-fed.

But to the negroes he is sweet Dad who for ten dollars will send anyone to heaven, the ten dollar heaven, of course — but then, business is business. Yes, I guess Daddy is a fairly good business man if he is only a mediocre prophet. Still, he manages to get the negroes pretty steamed up, and there are always three or four of them passin' out at each meeting.

I guess I better get lined up to tell this story right, though, before I go any farther. I've been living in this part of the country all my life, went to college over there about thirty miles, Catawba College, not much of a degree to speak of, but enough to run a store on. This is my father's store and he did right well, said he always wanted to give his son, me, a college education, and then die. Well, after I had been out of college for about a year, he turned over one morning and died. Just like that. I've been running the store ever since, nice sort of life. I know everybody in town and even most of the negroes. They all come here to buy groceries.

Been learning about Daddy Grace almost ever since I can remember. He claims to be a Portuguese, but that doesn't tie in with the rest of his claims. Still, he's been claiming various things for nearly twenty-five years now, so I guess anybody would backtrack a little.

At any rate, as far as I've been able to gather he came into this part of the country saying that he was the grace to



save the world. I didn't go to any of his meetings, though, until he was pretty firmly entrenched, you might say, about the time I was in college. Well, by then Daddy had been with God at the creation and had called the names of quite a few streets in Heaven. Also, he had established his own private house, heated all winter while the negroes drank "White Lightnin'" to keep warm. Never went in myself, but the negroes say that the place is decked out like a mansion (negroes always have the ability to exaggerate). This was in addition to a big gaudy "House of Prayer" where Daddy calls together "the flock".

Those meetings of the flock, "Daddy's chillin's" as he says, are really something. I generally go, kinda interested in the whole thing (majored in social problems at Catawba), once or twice when he's here. He comes for a week each year. Anyway, those meetings are something. Generally there is a parade before them, just to get the negroes all worked up. Then they march to the House of Prayer and the preaching begins.

The whole place smells like vaseline and sweat when you walk in. There is always sawdust on the floor and big streamers saying "Welcome Dad" in red, white, and blue going from all the corners to the center platform. Dad himself sits on a big chair made up like a throne in the middle of the platform. The jazz band and drum majorettes are seated around him. All the time a base drum sets a fast rhythm taken up by the snare drums and the guitar. The rest of the band doesn't come in until Dad stops talking or until he brings them in with his hand to emphasize a point.

Generally, a sermon goes something like this: "All you chillun love Daddy? Amen?" Then the negroes shout back, "Amen!!" "Who's gonna show the chillun how to get to hebin?" "Daddy Lord, sweet Daddy." "Now all you chillun gotta give Dad money! Amen?" "Amen!!" "Now I

wanta hear that crinkly stuff first." "Save the rest foah later." That's when they take up the collection, in tin tubs. In honest to goodness washing tubs. Like I said, what Daddy don't have as a prophet he makes up as a business man. I have to give all the negroes in town credit for 'most a month after that crook piles out.

Yep, he's a parasite all right. And a cheap one at that. Durned if I don't get peeved jest talkin' about it. But that's all you can do, talk about it. You see, I looked it up when I was in college, and Daddy's protected in the Constitution. But then, they never said anything about slavery till later.

Well, Daddy's been living off the negroes now for a pretty long time, and will go on living off them for the rest of his life, getting fatter and fatter like a tick. Most of the folks would like to run the old buzzard off when he comes here in his big car and trailer. He don't do the negroes any good, just keeps them broke. But like I said, he's in his rights and everybody feels pretty strong about their rights, since the war, anyway.

Well, that's all there is to Daddy Grace, Mister, just a fat, dark, keen, money grabber with long hair and nails, and gold teeth too. He smiles sometimes just to let you know he's got them. Sometimes I believe I wouldn't feel so bad about the whole thing if he really did a good job, but he doesn't.

Eh? You've gotta be going, have you? Well, drop around any time. I enjoy talking to people.

A MEMORY

By B. J. Lee, III

BEHIND A thick, protecting wall of trees, which line a country road on Long Island, there stands a big house. The trees extend back from the narrow stretch of macadam for a depth of over fifty yards. There are all types of trees, soft, leafy ones, bushy pines, magnolia bushes, Japanese maples. They remind you of women, standing around and eternally sipping cocktails. Clumps of forsythia grow all over the low, green fence which weaves into the road beyond the next corner and out of sight. Behind the barrier of trees lies a great expanse of lawn which continues up to a low, wide, mulberry hedge. On the other side two broad driveways clasp together in a knot before the house.

On each side of the brick stoop which leads up to the front door stands an enormous boxwood. The two great, symmetrical bushes lie quietly in the earth, gazing solemnly out into nothing. Behind them, vines stretch up the wall of the house to tangle confusedly about the too-large windows. The bluestone driveway beneath glistens in the late afternoon sun. The elms which line it stand motionless, tasting the hot, dreary air which covers all with an intensive stillness, a stillness which seems depressing.

The driveway continues on behind the house, past the

stables to an expansive garden. In the center of this turmoil of color is a small pool almost covered over with lily pads. A frog drops from one of the lilies to the edge of the pond and blinks up at the sun. He seems helpless, even lonely.

Beyond the garden, a long back lawn ends at a tennis court. The perfume from the roses which cluster on the vine backstop seems to tremble in the warm air. The roses obliterate the court from view. Only small squadrons of bees can be seen, emerging from the delicate petals, and only the incessant humming of their wings breaks the quiet. Somehow, the quiet is strange. It fits poorly.

Suddenly there are a great many things wrong. The sprigs of grass which cover the clay of the tennis court are a far cry from the laughter and activity of old, the row of musty stables have lost their horse smell, the once carefully groomed driveways are rutted and unraked, the torrent of beauty in the garden is almost completely dammed by the weeds, by weeds which grow too fast to stop; the once fresh clean dairy is now but a matting of cobwebs, the gaping windows of the houses shriek silence, and the big house inside is bare. It is cold inside, as if in death, because it is a bare, empty coldness, a void emptiness that echoes. The house that was once called home for over a century is now only a big building behind a wall of trees beside a winding road.

"Let's get out of here. If we aren't back in time for dinner, Daddy will blow his top."

"Yeah, we'd better get moving," I said, starting up.

As I moved out the driveway on to the narrow road I saw a big sign covering our old mailbox. "Future Development."

We drove away down the road in silence.

THE DATE

By L. I. Kane

AND WHO is the lucky girl tonight?"

Cal Warren looked up from his Boston cream pie and smiled at his father. The color slowly mounting in his cheeks made him appear younger than his seventeen years. Unsuccessfully he tried to hide his embarrassment by glibly answering, "Well, I guess I'll give Kay a break tonight."

"Why listen to that overgrown Boy Scout talk," Cal's younger sister, Betty, exclaimed from across the table. "You're lucky to have any dates at all!"

"That's enough out of you, Little-Stuff," Cal retorted. The name Little-stuff always put his sister in her place.

"Kay is a wonderful girl, Cal. I'm very glad that you're taking her out," Mrs. Warren ventured from her end of the table. Although she knew it to be only so much verbiage, it upset her to hear her children argue.

"You bet, Mom, she's a lovely girl," Cal replied rising from the table. He walked over to his mother and kissed her on the cheek. "You don't mind if I leave now, do you? I don't want to keep Kay waiting".

"Go right ahead, Cal. Have you your key? Be sure to wear your top-coat. Now remember, Cal, be in by one."

To all this, Cal replied, "Sure, Mom".

"How's the cash holding out, son?"

"Pretty good, Dad," Cal lied.

"Well, in case you should run short you'd better take this."

With that Mr. Warren shook hands with his son and pressed a ten-dollar bill on him.

"Thanks a lot, Dad, but I really don't need it," Cal informed his parent while pocketing the bill.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by?" Betty called after him as he started out of the dining room.

"Sure, Sis." He kissed her. "So-long everybody, see you in the morning."

As Cal walked along the flagstone path, toward the convertible coupe, he thought of what a wonderful family he had. He was really a lucky guy. A warm feeling of well-being shot through his body.

He opened the door and got in, carefully drawing on his pigskin driving gloves. The ceremony of donning the gloves always exhilarated him. Somehow it transformed him from a teen-aged boy into a man. Cal warmed the engine slowly, giving it plenty of time. When the tone of the big motor had subsided to a soft purring, he flicked on the seal-beam head-lights, shifted into first, and released the brake. The car moved smoothly away from the curb and on down the hill.

Cal was feeling good. It was the last night of vacation and he had a date with Kay and he was very happy about everything. The "Old Man" had let him have some burgundy at dinner, and he still felt the warm glow in his cheeks. He hummed the song *Ballerina* as he drove along, singing the word *Ballerina* wherever it appeared. "This is going to be one hell of a night," Cal thought to himself as he stopped in front of Kay's house. Kay was blonde, cute, cool, and, of course, late. She leaned on his arm as they walked to the car. Once settled, she giggled and talked and asked Cal to take one hand off the wheel. Cal was excited. He was sure that this was it.

It took them only a few minutes to get to Joan's house. Joan was throwing a big party and everybody was there. Cal and Kay were late, and the party had started when they arrived. Most of the girls were dressed in black and looked much older than their sixteen or seventeen years. The boys, at a glance, seemed more mature also. Few of them had not sampled both alcohol and the girls dressed as women. All of them spoke too loudly. They were trying to seem important by making a lot of noise. The music was low and sensual. The couples moved to its rhythm with their bodies pressed close against each other. While he was dancing, one thought kept running through Cal's mind: "Back to school tomorrow — no girls for a couple of months — got to make out tonight."

At two the party started to break up. There were many shouted goodbyes, and then Cal and Kay were alone in the car. Cal was very excited, and the car left the curb jerkily. He kept saying to himself that this was the time and it had to be then or never. He swore to himself that he'd turn down the next side street. He wanted Kay. Cal passed side street after side street without turning down. He realized with anguish that unless he did something fast he would lose the opportunity.

A laughing little voice interrupted his turmoil saying, "Here we are, you silly boy!"

Cal looked at her for a few moments without speaking. He had lost his chance. He stopped the car in front of the house, opened his door, and went around to open Kay's. He took her hand as they walked up to her door. Before he knew what had happened, she had disappeared into the house. Cal got back into his car, bitter. As he drove off, he thought of how he'd boast to the fellows back at school about how he had 'made out' on the last night of vacation.

TWO STORIES

By C. G. Poore

THREE USED to be an academy. It stood on a hill-top, a brief walk down but a long walk up.

A tribe of Mumbles is all that is left on the hill. I am a small Mumble. We camp in a cleared area on the top. Near us lie a few stones, marking the tomb of the school. The buildings have died.

Inside of our tents are small fires. The men of the tribe sit around, watching the logs burn, and their heads are bowed to the smoke.

If a stranger asks these men who they really are, where they came from, they will only look at him, with their torn eyes. They will tell him they have always been here.

Around the fire in a circle sit the men. Their trunks send deep shadows, back to the wall of the tent, and close to the wall you see a thin old woman. The woman knows who we are. One night she tried to tell me — and this is her brief tale (not in her own words, for they are forgotten, like the school).

She told of times long past, of a gone afternoon, when a boy had walked wondering through the woods. The boy, she said, was one of my ancestors. He attended the academy, but on that day, when he went through the woods, all of a

sudden he lost his mind and couldn't remember who he was. Then, later on, he had taken a trail. . . .

Soon the trail began to come out of the forest, and after a while there were fewer trees. He noticed a man, cutting off branches. One by one they fell on the ground. The boy looked down to where they had fallen, and then he looked back up to the wood-cutter. The man had stopped and was gazing off, somewhere. He saw that the man was numb, and frightened.

The boy thought it was funny for a person to be afraid of nothing. Yet he still didn't know where he was, and he kept on the trail. In a short time he came up to a gate. The rusty lock was off, and he went through. A little farther on he saw a cemetery. Behind the graves, there were buildings, heavy buildings.

. Then he heard something ringing: "Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da; da-da da da." No one answered the sounds. One person was carrying bottles in a hand case, another sat on a bench, and no one answered.

He tried to find where everyone else had gone. At last he came to a field, where many people were playing ball. They were strung out along the grass. One of them ran far back and the white thing flew above him and the crowd shrieked and his eyes were up to the sky. . . .

Tired of watching, he went in another direction, toward some of the houses. The sun fell down, but he traveled on — silently creeping around, curving his way between the houses. He passed by some other boys, thin in the mist, and he passed by trees, turning blue in the dusk and dankness. He stared at dormitories that stared back, with many eyes. He saw a man who shook a little. He saw cars parked beside the road, stunted women near the bus stop, houses parked beside the road. It grew later and later and later and windows were full of light and a rush of voices and calls and horns

came to him in the nighttime.

Here, he imagined, was a city lost in time, the city of lost time. It seemed to be a small place, though far-far away he heard singing.

Closer to him, over by a door, a group of boys were joking and laughing. They were all in a circle on the steps. One of them was saying, ". . . and there was so much he could hardly see and he comes through, practically wading; he says, 'Anyone up here been smoking?', and we say. . . ." Just then an older man walked through, broke the circle, and abruptly they were not laughing.

How had a man hushed them? he asked himself. The man looked kindly, but they called him by some dirty word he had heard before, a word that sounded like 'teacher'. But —

— why were they all here, here, to start with? He kept peering and straining his eyes; he wanted to take in this strange and wonderful fraternity, talking in the dark. Again he asked himself what was this fear that flared so quickly, why did there have to be clowns when happiness can be natural, why did their faces look worried and hung — like the man cutting branches — except when they played, on the green field?

At that moment a quiet person approached him and said it was after study hours. Then he knew he was in school.

The woman had spoken slowly, and she had finished.

The men still sat in a circle around the fire. . . . Once they must have been young, I knew, and their eyes had lighted up. (The school had been lighted, before, before the fear — fear is so fleeting, how could it last? Fear was behind the internal war dividing the school, the world, yet war is hate of oneself, unnatural; war is only a process, not an end, how could it last?)

Those men had been happy, long ago. But they had not outlived their school-days. I could see that they were dimming, now . . . and tiredness had followed them, as the ember follows the flame.

MAN TO HIS CASTLE

By P. D. Levin

In a shadowed lane towards the fall of night,
Stained ruddy tan in the filtered light,
A mongrel courses his random path
Through piles of family aftermath —
A fleeting sniff at some rusted nails,
Some beer-stained glass round two mud-caked pails,
Nudged by his hunger he probes no more,
For it's late and his plate's on the back-porch floor.
Clutched in his hand some worthless prize,
A young boy gazes at blazoned skies.
Longer shadows, his playmates gone,
Pensive the wanderer turns toward home.
Radiant embers through blackened grates —
Man returns through his fortress gates,
For it's late and each mate returns to his reign,
An evening of quiet in a blissful demesne.

THAT NIGHT

By S. Hagerty

NIGHTS HAVE a way of scaring you, and that was one of those nights. A city drives the black away to a certain extent, with its eternity of smouldering bowls that are held up through the streets. But that night the black hung like a piece of wet Kleenex over the buildings. It seemed to be planning a sudden attack on those lights — suffocate the glow, sweep into every flat and alley, bring blackness and blindness and terror into the souls of seven million.

I admit it, I'm a nervous fellow. My mother always babbled about sending me to Pine Rest that, or Happy Dale this, — "You're not normal, Joel", "Sometimes I think you have a touch of your father's madness, ha, ha," — Yes, there are times when I could slap her across her little curved mouth . . .

Every movie of suspense pictures a man walking down a foggy street, his heels making a sharp click-clack, click-clack which slices the gloom. That night I was in the movies; I was strictly Academy Award stuff as I click-clacked down Sixty-Eighth street. However, woven into my click-clack came a click-tic-clack-tac, click-tic-clack-tac — a woman walked ahead of me.

I don't know where it came from, but as this woman was crossing Park Avenue, a taxi roared out of Sixty-Eighth street,

turned into Park, hit her, drove over her, and disappeared down the avenue. The night had attacked. Her screams shrieked into my nose, my mouth, my ears — tore and gouged and hammered. Pain is a terrible thing, but the cry of pain . . . I rushed up the street and knelt at her side. Apparently the cab had run over her chest, for she had her hands inside her dress and held one of her breasts, as a baby holds a ball that someone might take away. When the woman breathed, her breath whistled, just as though she was calling a dog that kept wandering farther and farther away. Mental figures of speech can be ridiculous, but I heard her call, "Here Life, here boy, don't go, Life, Life!"

At her side was a pocketbook with the initials R. H. — Rhoda Hanson, Roberta, Rebecca, Ruth, Havermine, Hinkle, Holloway?

Whoever she was, she moaned and cried over and over again, "Kill me, kill me, kill me . . . "

Then she screamed and then repeated, her breath whistling all the time, "Kill me . . . "

I took off my shoe and beat her in the head till she stopped moaning. I had to — she was suffering so terribly. I felt her pulse, my own was pounding so that nothing made any sense. Her pulse was dead. She was dead.

Months can be like days when your insides are all twisted up, and these past few months have hardly even occurred. Mother has taken me to several psychiatrists, but naturally I won't say that I have murdered because then mother will say that she has always been right — that I'm, how did she put it, yes, off the trolley, yes, that's right, that's how she said it, "You're a little bit off the trolley, Joel, you really are, ha, ha."

Suicide sounds like a big word when life is slipping along without too many bumps. It's far away in newspaper stories — "Leading Executive Falls 40 Stories!" "Woman Plunges to Death". Right now I am going to commit it, I am going to crawl out of a window, close my eyes, slip away, and fall, —

and I am not afraid, I am pleased, strangely excited. What an adventure death is, "Here Death, here boy, hop up into Joerie's lap, and kiss me like a good dog . . ." This is the thirty-seventh floor of the Graybar building, perhaps I should go up to the fortieth, newspaper people like an even number.

“MY, HOW YOU HAVE GROWN”

By L. F. Polk, Jr.

“**M**Y, how you have grown!” This sinister phrase has become the set greeting of practically every relative that I have. Perhaps if I only had about twenty aunts and uncles spread throughout the forty-eight states, it wouldn’t be so unbearable; but I have twice that number, and they are all crammed into a small area of Southern Ohio. Don’t get me wrong. I like relatives as individual persons. I wouldn’t trade mine for any others. My only complaint against them is the manner in which they greet me. They seem to get some kind of sadistical delight in standing me up in front of them and watching me squirm while they exclaim about my size. The ridiculous part of the whole ceremony is that practically all of them tower over me. Still, they look down from their lofty peaks at me saying, “My, what a big boy!”

Why don’t they think once in a while of the position they put me in? I go into a room filled to the point of overflowing with relatives. Gradually, everyone becomes quiet, like a cat getting ready to pounce on its intended victim. Suddenly, in a chorus of voices, they shout, “Good heavens, you’re getting to be big.” What am I supposed to say? There I am trying not to act like a perfect idiot, trying to make a good impression, and I’m left hanging out on a limb by a statement like that.

I shift my weight from one foot to the other, smiling feebly, feeling like some freak of nature. There is absolutely nothing that I can say. After making this battered remark and getting no response from me, they quietly shake their heads, feeling that I'm completely lacking in self-confidence and feeling sorry for mom and dad that they have to have a son who is so inhibited. If only I could rebel! If there was something that I could say: such as, "My, you're getting old," without appearing disrespectful and hurting their feelings. Sometime I'm going to measure myself right after I've seen a relative. The next time he mentions the fact that I'm just "shooting up" I'm going to run and get a ruler and see how much I've grown. Then, instead of being at a loss as to what to counter attack with, I can politely say, "Yes; since the last time I saw you, I have grown one and thirty-three one-hundredths of an inch. I guess it's because I take vitamins." Of course, I never will get up enough courage to carry this plan out, but, still, it gives me some satisfaction to say it under my breath.

"You sure have grown." What do they expect me to do during the five or six months that pass while they don't see me? Shrink? They act like some scientists who have just discovered some substance and are sitting around patting themselves on the back, not even knowing what they have discovered, let alone some use for it. I don't believe that a child passing through his normal stages of development justifies these outbursts. If I were some eight-foot giant or a second Hercules I could see some justification for it; however, I'm not. If anything, I'm rather skinny, looking like a refuge from a grave yard instead of a second Primo Carnera. Why do they feel they have to mention size? I'm fully aware of the fact that every year I usually add a couple of inches to my frame.

Apparently, one of the prime requisites in life is to be big. Whenever some person is mentioned the point is always brought up about his size. In every form of literature we learn

that John Smith grew, a positively amazing and profound statement. I don't see why the mentioning of growing can't be done away with. Everybody at one time or another grows. It seems to me rather stupid to keep harping on the fact. The worst part is: my parents are getting to the point where to have it said that their son has grown is one of the best compliments that can be paid them. I don't see how they can take it as a compliment. They certainly have had very little to do with how high I grow. True, my father is continually getting after me because I don't hold my shoulders erect. But is it any wonder that I don't? Just think what the relatives would say if I stood up straight! As it is, when I greet a member of the family, I slump over until my chin is practically resting on my shoes; but to no avail. I could go into a room on my hands and knees, and that same fatigued, mauled phrase would reverberate throughout the room. They act as though nothing else mattered but that I had grown. I often wonder what pygmies and midgets say to each other.

There must be some evil desire in the minds of all older people with regard to children. Some day I hope to have a relative come up to me and greet me just as he would any other person: ask me how I've been; tell me that I'm looking terrible. Then I would be able to converse with him quite readily and not feel like some freak in a side show. Despite my strong dislike of these haggard phrases I don't suppose my relatives will ever change their greeting. The most blessed day in my life will be when the family starts picking on some young, up-and-coming grandson or cousin and leaves me alone. Until that day I shall always try to avoid relatives.

INDIA'S DILEMMA

By J. P. B. C. Watts

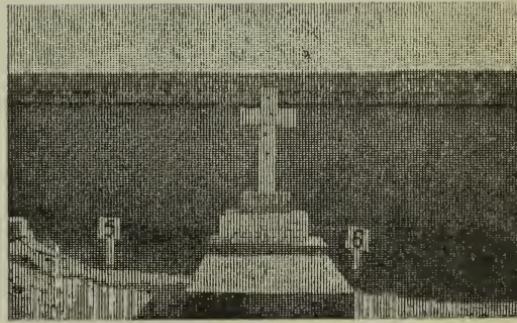
BETWEEN AFGHANISTAN and Pakistan lies a broad belt of country, several hundred miles wide in some places. This land is known as the "Tribal Territory."

This land looks stripped, almost scorched. It is very hilly, with few trees and little vegetation.

The territory is one of the world's most strategic spots. Since time immemorial invaders have swept down through its bleak passes to conquer and plunder India's rich plains: the Mongols under Bahur the Lion, Alexander the Great with his Macedonians, the Arabs and Persians burning with a fanatical zeal mixed with their greed — all of them came through these hills, the only practical entry into India.

I have seen remains of Alexander's roads — huge blocks of stone set perfectly against one another and still serviceable for bullock-carts and camels. Alexander, although he invaded India around 340 B.C., is still talked about on the frontier: his was the only power ever to have severely crushed the hill-tribes.

The inhabitants of this wild region are called Pathans, the Indian name for Afghan. Their origin is still uncertain today. I think, however, that many of them are descended from the Lost Tribes of Israel. Some have extremely hooked noses;



their customs, manners of greeting, and innumerable other small characteristics are very similar to those of the ancient Jews. The name "Yakub" in their language stands for Jacob, "Yusuf" for Joseph; they often call themselves "Beni-Israel" or Sons of Israel. Could they be a link between a half-dead civilization and the present?

Physically, the Pathans are a strong people, children of steel, inured to heat and cold alike. With their strength and their love of action comes a passion for arms—a rifle is worth more than a woman on the frontier. Yet, cruel and revengeful and troublesome as they are, they still have many appealing characteristics. They are sportsmen by instinct: wrestling, sword-dancing, and shooting are their great contests, and at all of them they are deadly proficient.

Unlike other Indians of the Plains, they have a sense of humor and can see a joke against themselves. Their humor is very crude and often brutal. I remember once when a mule, laden with soda-water bottles, slipped and fell some hundred feet onto rocks, where the bottles made a terrific series of "pops". The Pathans laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks, completely indifferent to the poor mule's fate.

The Pathans are split up into different tribes and clans, each sect living in its own village. Villages? They are more like fortresses. They are always built the same, with a high loopholed wall and a watchtower guarding the one gate. These little forts, containing not more than a few hundred souls, are dotted all over the country, with the stronger clans in the valleys holding what little pasture and water there is.

Pain, whether accidental or contrived, is a terrible part of their lives. One of their favorite tortures was to remove a man's eyelids and then tie his head to face the sun, thus driving him crazy. They had a rough code of honor called the Pakhtali: for punishment for adultery, a woman would have her nose slit; a man would be stripped and tied to a post, and

a lusty young bull would be let in on him.

Practically all Pathans are Mohammedans (but many are not too strict on themselves, especially in regard to the taking of forbidden liquors). They are extremely excitable, and under the influence of their mullahs (priests) can work themselves up into a fanatical state. Religion has meant a lot of trouble for the border authorities.

Perhaps the Pathan's most treasured possession is his liberty. The Elders and Chiefs of the clans have a certain influence, but a Pathan may do what he pleases. They often travel all over the world; the stokehold of steamers is one of their favorite haunts. And yet, sometime in his wanderings, a Pathan will feel the call of the Hills and leave everything to return.

By law a Mohammedan may have four wives. (Mohammed reasoned that one wife would always be nagging her husband; two would always be fighting each other and the husband at the same time; with three, two would always pick on one; but with four, they would fight each other and leave the husband in peace.) The Pathans take full advantage of this for the purpose of breeding sons, for each son means a future warrior.

One rarely sees the women; they are kept mostly in the villages, where they do all the work. A Pathan is too proud to work with his hands unless it is worth his while.

Perhaps some readers have heard of a tribal invasion of Kashmir, a province which went over to India although ninety percent of the population is Muslim. Most of those tribesmen are Pathans, and apparently they are giving the Indian troops a difficult time. India accuses Pakistan of aiding these raiders; while Pakistan claims she cannot stop them.

Pakistan has recently withdrawn her garrison from Razmak, a large and important post on the frontier. Rather than risk a full-scale fight with the tribesmen, in which she would

probably receive a thorough beating, she has let them through to Kashmir and even has supplied them. Tribal chieftains swear they will not retire till Kashmir joins Pakistan.

How can a race of a few million — the Pathans — hope to terrorize or control two countries numbering hundreds of millions? The answer is that India is in many respects much the same as she was two or three hundred years ago. The majority of the people are illiterate and also unwarlike.

Out of the primitive past came these ancient raiders. Will the Pathans, figures of India's chaotic and troubled history, wreck and destroy two promising and ambitious countries before they are well on their feet? The future will provide that answer.

NO TITLE

By C. F. Flynn

“**H**ELLO? HELLO? Operator? What? Oh, yes, of course, operator. Just a moment, please.

“Sweetheart, what is Martha’s number? Do you remember? Was it 366 or 636? Mmmm? What? Oh, yes, naturally—663, why how silly of me.

“Operator. Operator. Oh, Operator. Now where do you suppose she we-oh operator, Chappaqua 633 please. Thirty-five cents? Oh, yes.

“Sweets, you have something there on your lapel. What is it, honey? Yes, she’s ringing it now. Wait a se——

“Darling! How are you? Oh, it is so good to hear your voice again. Where are we? Guess. No, not there. Nor there either. Oh, it is a riotous story, listen—we’re in, of all places, Danbury! I don’t know how we possibly got here. We picked up the car at the forty-second street station, and there was a woman on the street there who, my dear, I wish you could have seen her. She was an absolute sketch. She ha—— What? Oh, yes. Well, Alberto got in behind the wheel and off we went. Across town and down that silly street where we saw those tremendous dogs. Remember them? Well, down that street and to the entrance at the pier, ah, 32, I think.

“Sweets, was it pier 32 where we got on the parkway? I’ve forgotten.

"Anyway we got on that terribly crowded parkway and if it weren't for Alberto's marvelous driving, I'm sure we would have lsot at least a —— What? Danbury? How? Yes, darling, I'm getting to that.

"Who is that? Operator? More money? Oh, yes. mmmm.

"Sweetness, I'm out of change. Has itsy bitsy — thanks honey.

"There, operator. Enough? Fine.

"Well there we were, almost to the toll bri—— What? Mary Elizabeth? She is simply marvelous. I wish you could have come to the wedding. It was out of this world, and everyone was there. Even Mother arrived on time. Anyway, there we were. The toll bridge in sight and — mmm? What, darling? You will have to speak louder, I can, hardly hear you. Who? Alberto? He is feeling pretty well, but there is something wrong with his ears. The doctor says that he has had to funnel too much into them, but I think that he and the doctor just got together over one too many scotches. Anyway he has them both plugged with cotton and I have to repeat what I say two or three times before he understands.

"Come down for lunch today? Oh darling, I, I mean we couldn't possibly before seven and you know that that is much too late for Alberto. Anyway we just had the most delicious egg-plant, darling. It was heavenly. The restaurant? Name? Oh don't ask me for particulars, you know how miserable I always was at school at remembering dates and places. Where is it? Why darling, didn't I tell you? Right up the street, they didn't have a telephone and when I suddenly realized that we were due at your house for lunch at twelve-thirty, well it was just——

"Wh-aat? Why yes, of course. How are you and the family? I can barely remember the last time we saw the baby. You say he is twelve years old already. Why I can't imagine it. He was just the MM-MM-MM?

"Just a moment darling. Yes sweetness? We have to go?
Well just let me say good-bye to —

"Darling, that was—huh? Oh of course. No we can't come,
next week is Easter Sunday and we promised Mother that we
would go — and the next week, haven't I told you? We're go-
ing to Europe for a year. We plan to —

"Yes Alberto, I'm coming, just a sec—

"Darling you must come to town this week for cocktails
and lunch—

"Yes sweet, I'm coming—

"Darling, I'll call you from New York. I really must run
now. Good b—

"What? Operator, yes, I'm just hanging up now—

"Just a minute Alberto—

"Darling, good by, I'll phone you soon, by——".

KISSING

By D. T. Wells

Caressing
Pressing
Suppressing

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

By R. S. Coulson

ONE NIGHT last winter, about two o'clock in the morning, I was in a plane flying west, over the island of Manhattan. From that angle the most striking feature of the city was the lights of Broadway. Like a gay drunken harlot among Puritans it wandered aimlessly down the island, disregarding the orderly ranks of its prosaic neighbors, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Avenues.

At one point in its course the Great White Way appeared to be suffering from fever. Where it briefly joined Seventh Avenue to form Times Square, there was a brilliant concentration of light, above which the atmosphere for thousands of feet was suffused with a dull red glow. The Square looked like a cauldron to which tremendous heat was being applied, a sort of blast furnace. One could imagine the people in this cauldron being slowly fried as if in a hellish inferno. The light reflected from the clouds seemed to come from hell itself, or from the center of the earth, where all is inhumanly hot. Yet every ray came from tiny metal filaments or glowing neon gas which man had utilized for the purpose of advertising and entertainment. Man was in control of it. A hell made by man.

The bird's-eye view, however, is often distorted. To get the spirit of any place, one must become part of it for a while,

mingle with its people, get one's own reactions to them.

A good way to approach Broadway is on forty-sixth street. It is on this street, I believe, that there is a store which introduces you to the spirit of Broadway better than any words can. The cornice above the show windows consists of carefully carved women's breasts. In the windows themselves brassieres are advertised. A sure-fire method. First attention is called to the product by playing upon the sex-awareness of the passers-by. Then by a subtly vulgar association of ideas the potential buyers are made to feel that in some obscure way the purchase of a brassiere will help solve their desires.

The same motif is easily recognized in other aspects of Broadway. The billboard for the advertisement of movies at the Astor Theatre usually consists of a heavily cleavaged woman embraced by a suave hero. Thus not only men but also tired housewives dreaming of romance are attracted, the implication of the billboards being that *Duel In The Sun* will fulfill dreams and desires of love. Notice the tremendous fraud. Notice the degradation of the ideals of love.

Then, worst of all, there are the people, scurrying about under the great batteries of lights which serve only to throw darker, murkier shadows on their minds. There are transients, come to the Great White Way to have a good time. The mid-western businessman, going to the Diamond Horshoe, eyeing the chorus line with lewd chuckles, but full of righteous indignation should anyone look at his daughter that way. Sailors, looking for a quick pick-up. Country people, new to the city, going to the movies, to the penny arcades, to the cheaper night clubs, but most of all walking up and down staring at Felix the cat on his hundred-foot square screen of lights, convincing themselves that this is the ultimate in entertainment. Groups of boys out for excitement, rushing from the cheaper bars to the Tango Ballroom ($12\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per minute to dance with thick-lipped beauties).

A separate group consists of those who are part of Broadway, who take the money from the transients: gamblers, prostitutes, pimps, ticket-sellers, novelty-sellers, comedians, cheap crooks to mention a few. Forced by circumstances and their own characters to drop their morals for the sake of money, they have been trapped in the Street. Many know they have been trapped. They know they will have to drag out their years in an Eighth Avenue tenement after being the parasites who suck the money of the confused, unsure millions who came to Broadway seeking the elixir of life.

To the transient the street means escape from his ordinary life; it is shown in the half-way presentation of sex and the tawdry wonders designed to make the unhappy lose themselves in a sordid fantasy. It is like getting drunk to forget. This is their way of finding happiness. It is not the right way, but it is the only solution for some people. The ideal solution? If there is one, it is to live at peace with our own soul in a happy world of reality, to understand ourselves and our lives completely. Some people are incapable of this; the lives of others are so devoid of interest that they are forced to seek happiness in an ever-increasing orgy of escape until finally they are never happy unless half-drunk, surrounded by noise, lights, and the appeal of sex. Look at the crowds on Broadway Saturday nights and imagine how many people's lives must be so dull that they need this treatment.

How about the parasites who cynically help the confused ones in their orgy? Do they sometimes have troubles sleeping at night? Yet they can not be blamed. Even at the price of becoming the termites of New York they have to make a living. Actually no particular group can be blamed. By a queer combination of circumstances a few million people played a bitter joke on themselves, a joke which has trapped many of the ones who started it and sucks out the money and the minds of those who laugh at it until they laugh all the harder and lose more of

their mind. Thus it works in a spiral process. There seems no way to stop it. That's why I am a little scared when I walk down the Great White Way. I wonder where it will stop. I wonder whether any of us will get trapped, broken, and eventually discarded into an Eight Avenue flophouse. I wonder where we are going when foreigners admittedly regard Broadway as symbolic of American life, and when we idealize it. I wonder, and I am a little scared.

As the plane flew west that night, the red glow above Times Square remained visible long after the other lights of Manhattan had disappeared.

... ATQUE VALE

By W. J. Kaiser

A life of good-byes
cruelly bound with passionless
(parallel)
ties

stretching imperceptibly down avenues of *l'avenir*
to beckoning unknowns
seen too soon

too well

have I known:

leaving
coming then to leave again
a part of me
(irrevocable)
remains.

And yet
(fearing:
knowing)

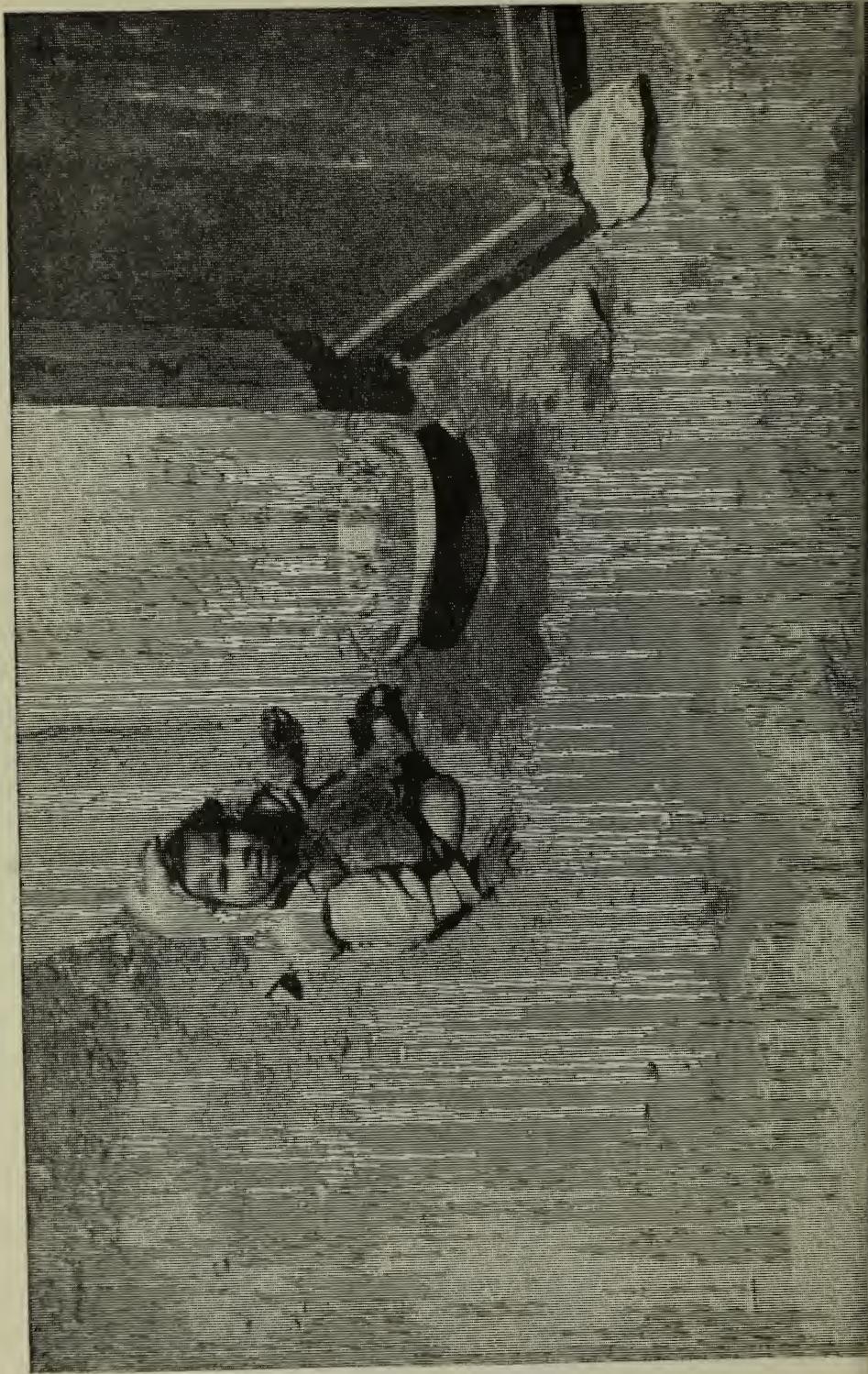
I dare not look behind to see the ghost of me
for some-day thoughts are dreams

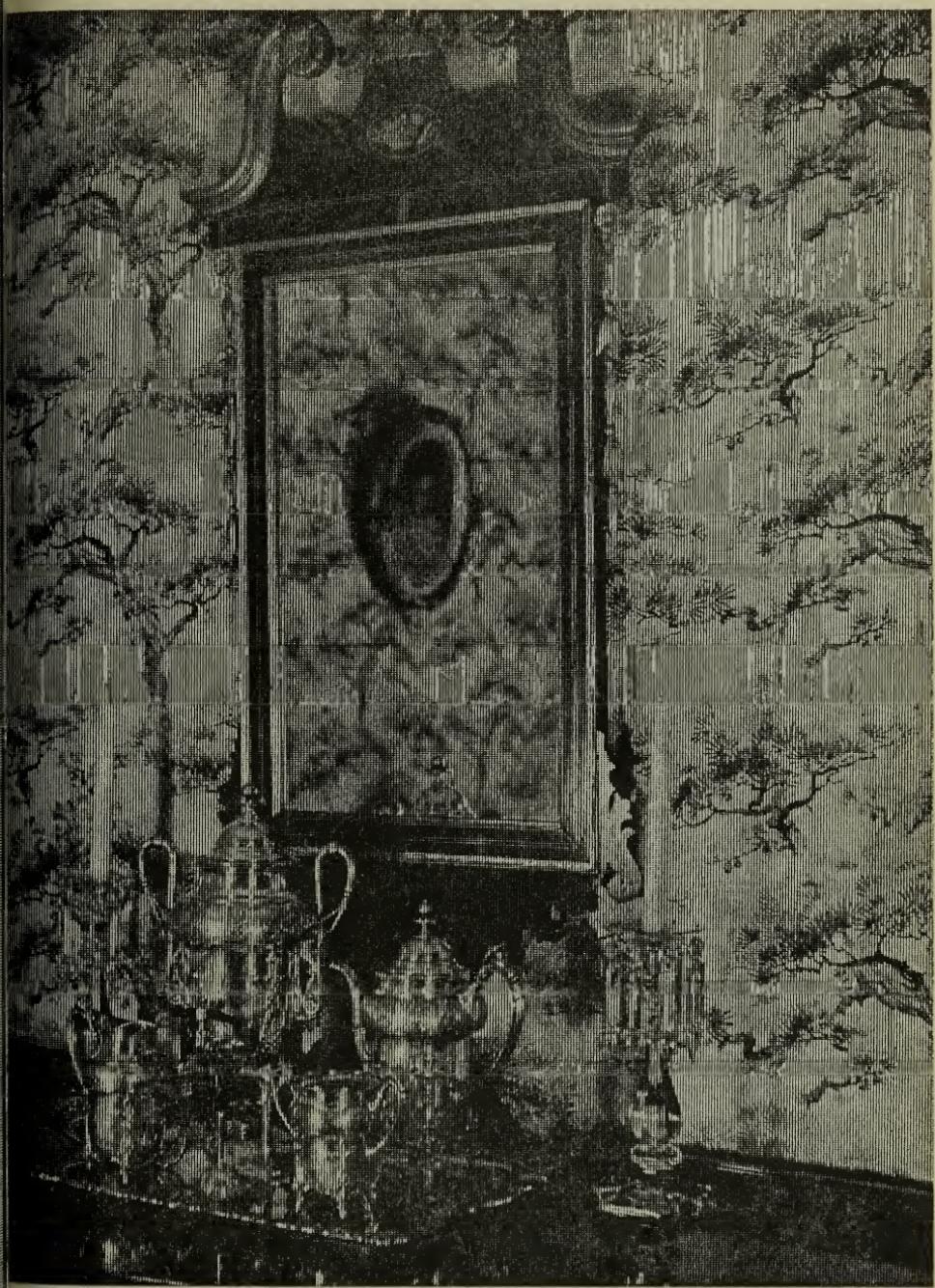
it's such a long
way
back

Footsteps lead only forward somewhere

nowhere
only again to depart

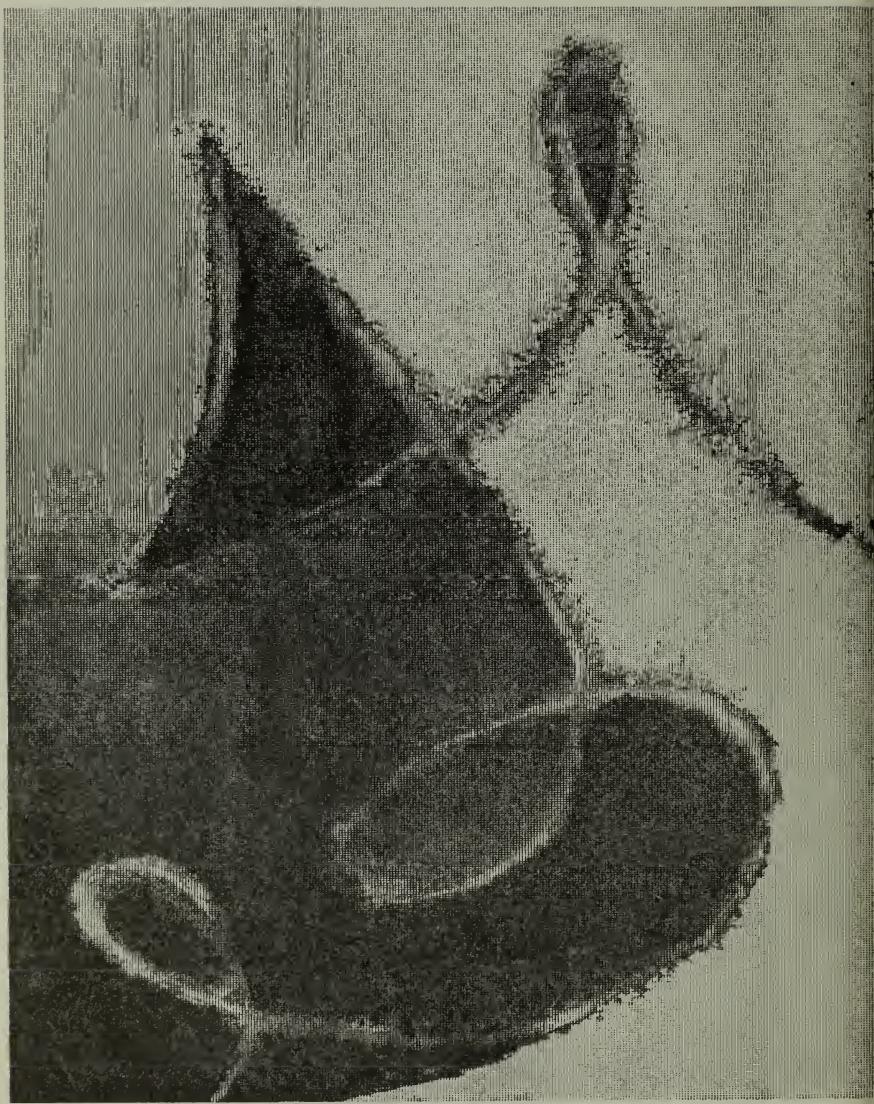
until at last with clear view
(still tears)
nunc dimittis.





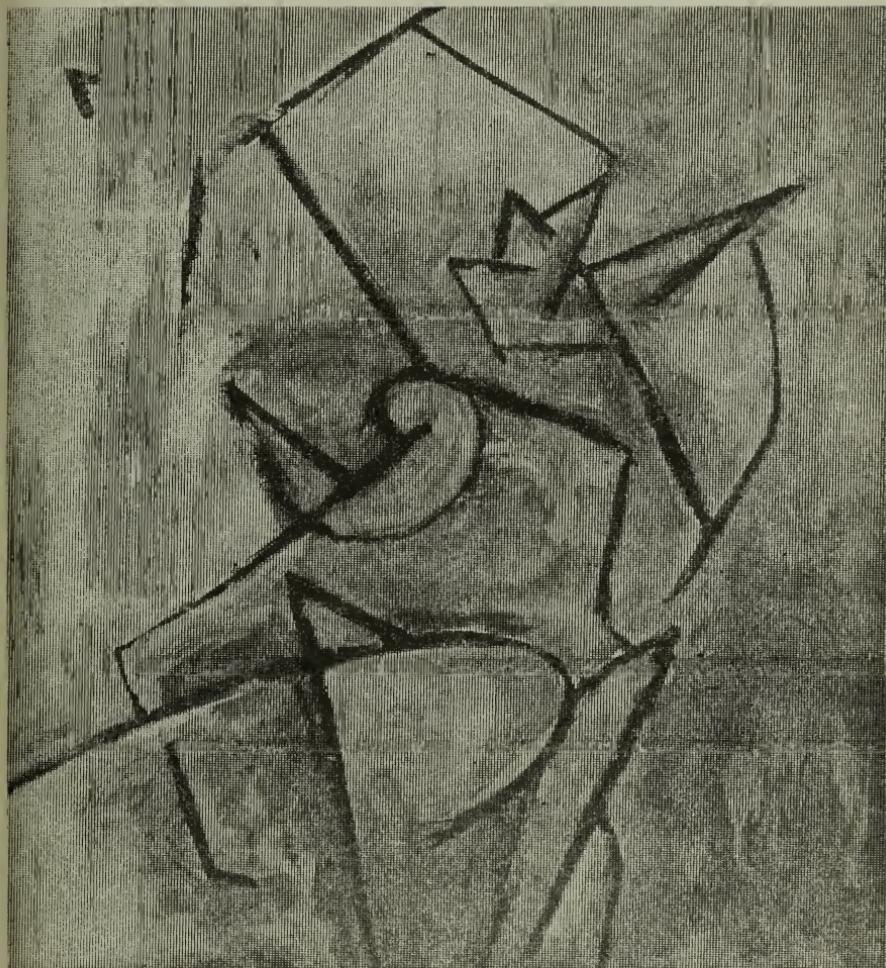
COLONIAL

G. S. SCHREYER



ABSTRACT

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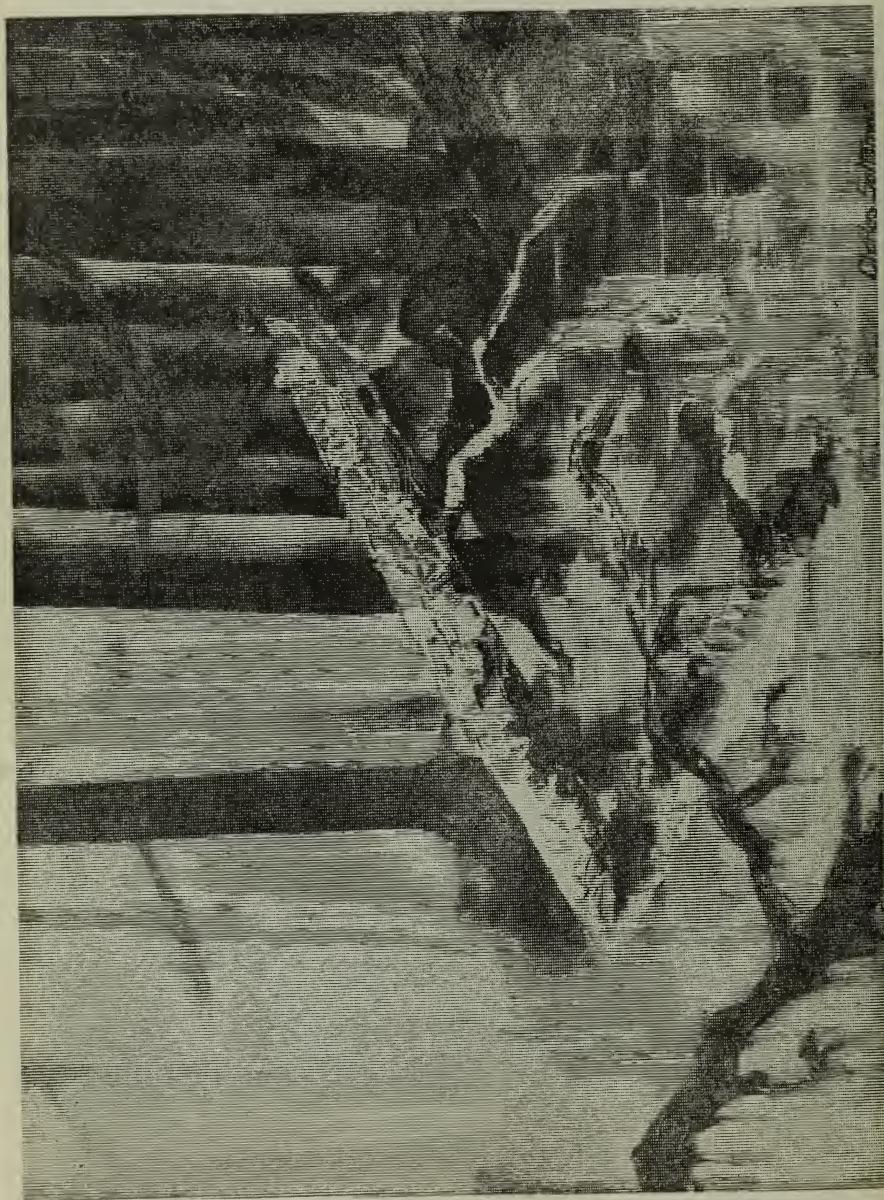


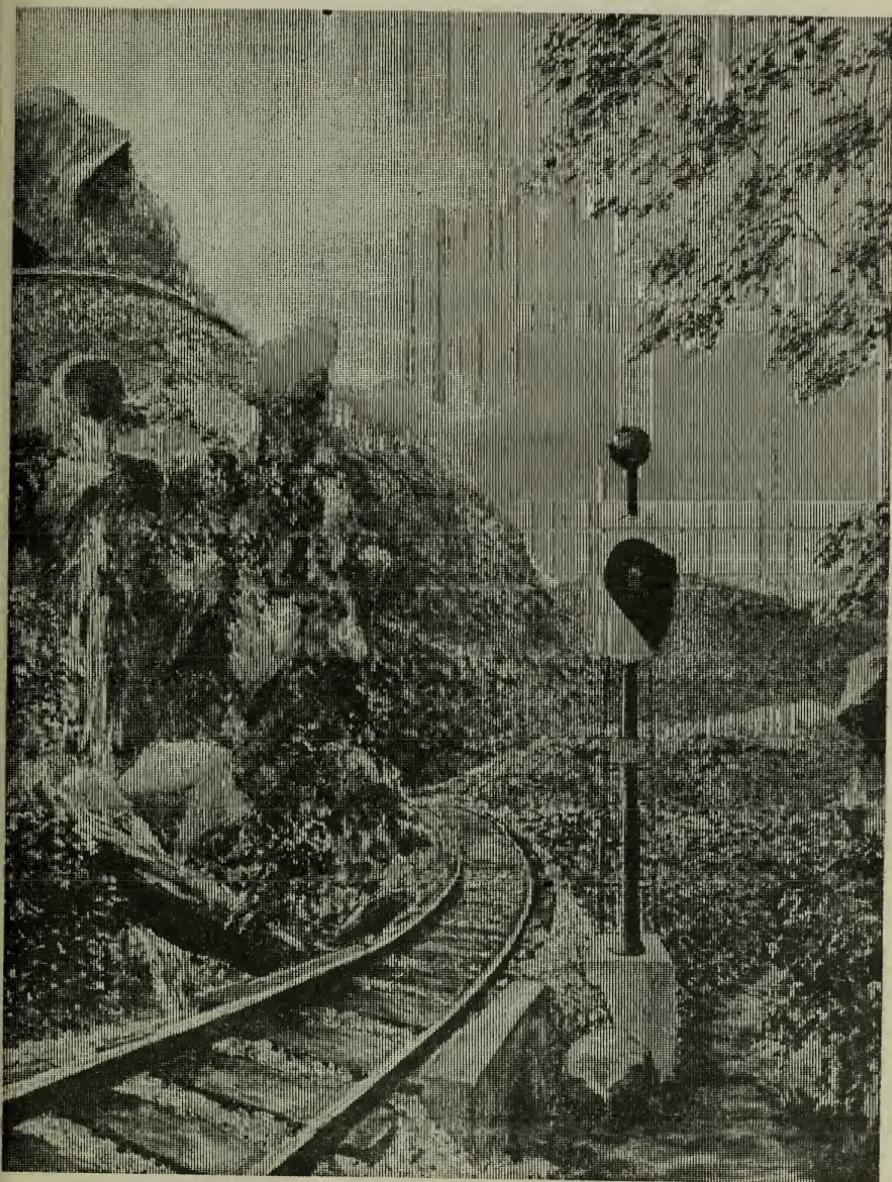
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C. M. SALTSMAN, JR.

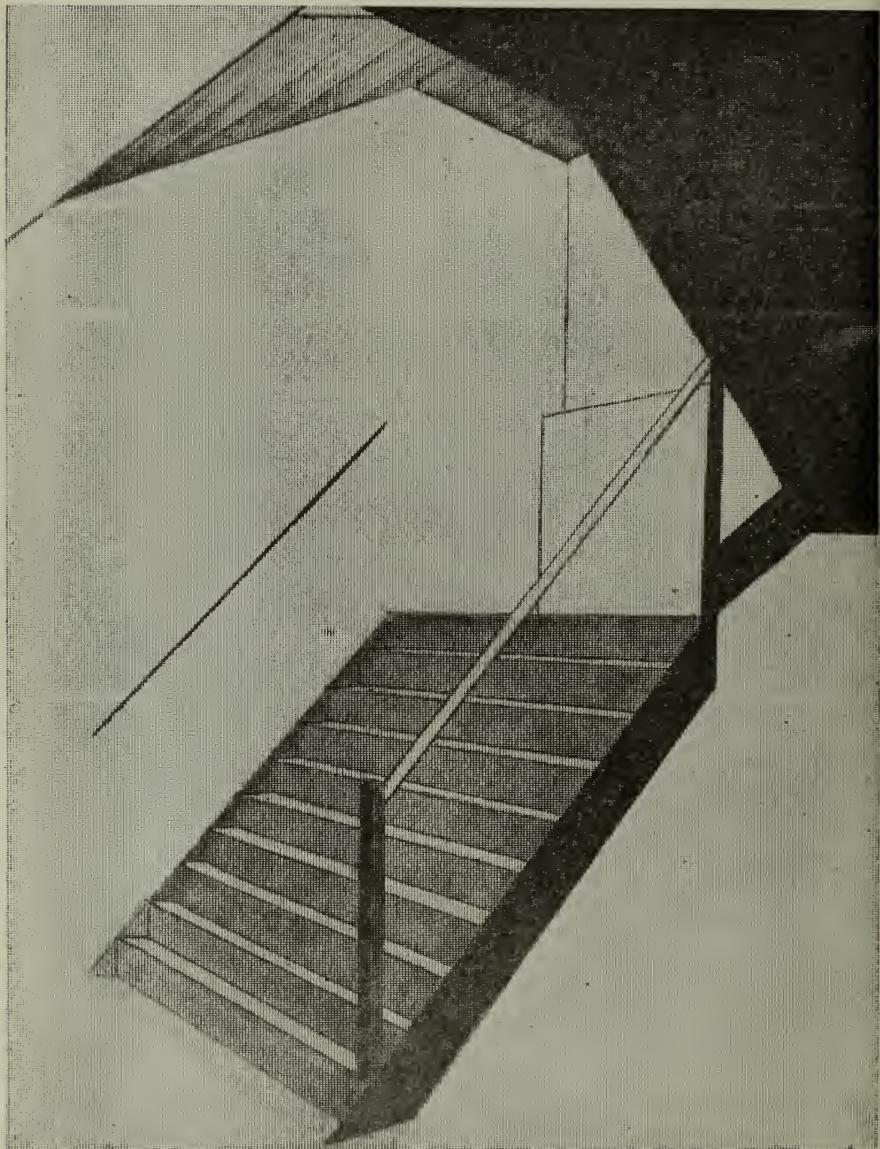
SWAMP





METONYMY

J. E. F. WILLARD



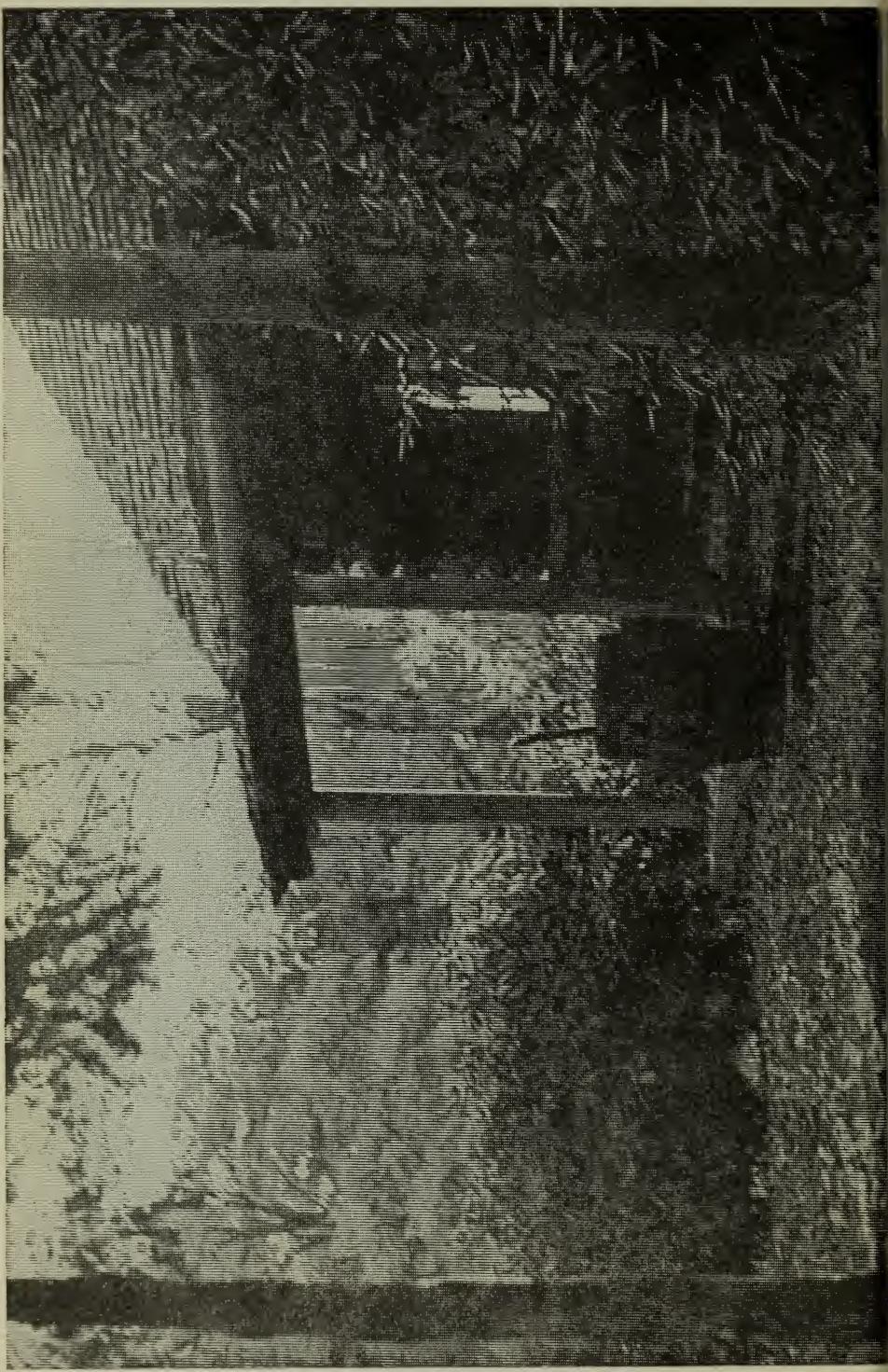
STAIRWAY

11. S. FISHER, 3RD



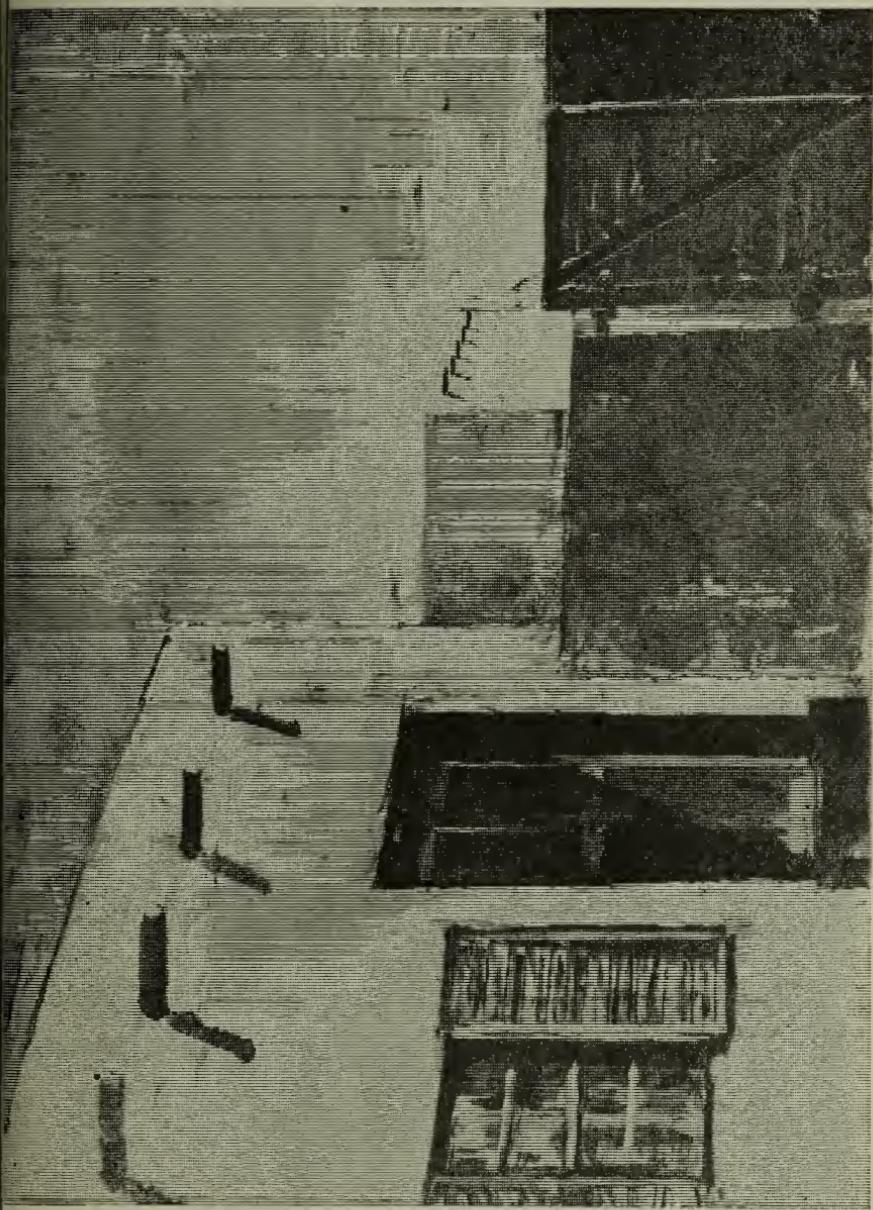
GERM'S PARTY ON THE BOOT

P. L. B. SOURIAN



J. J. CARROLL, JR.

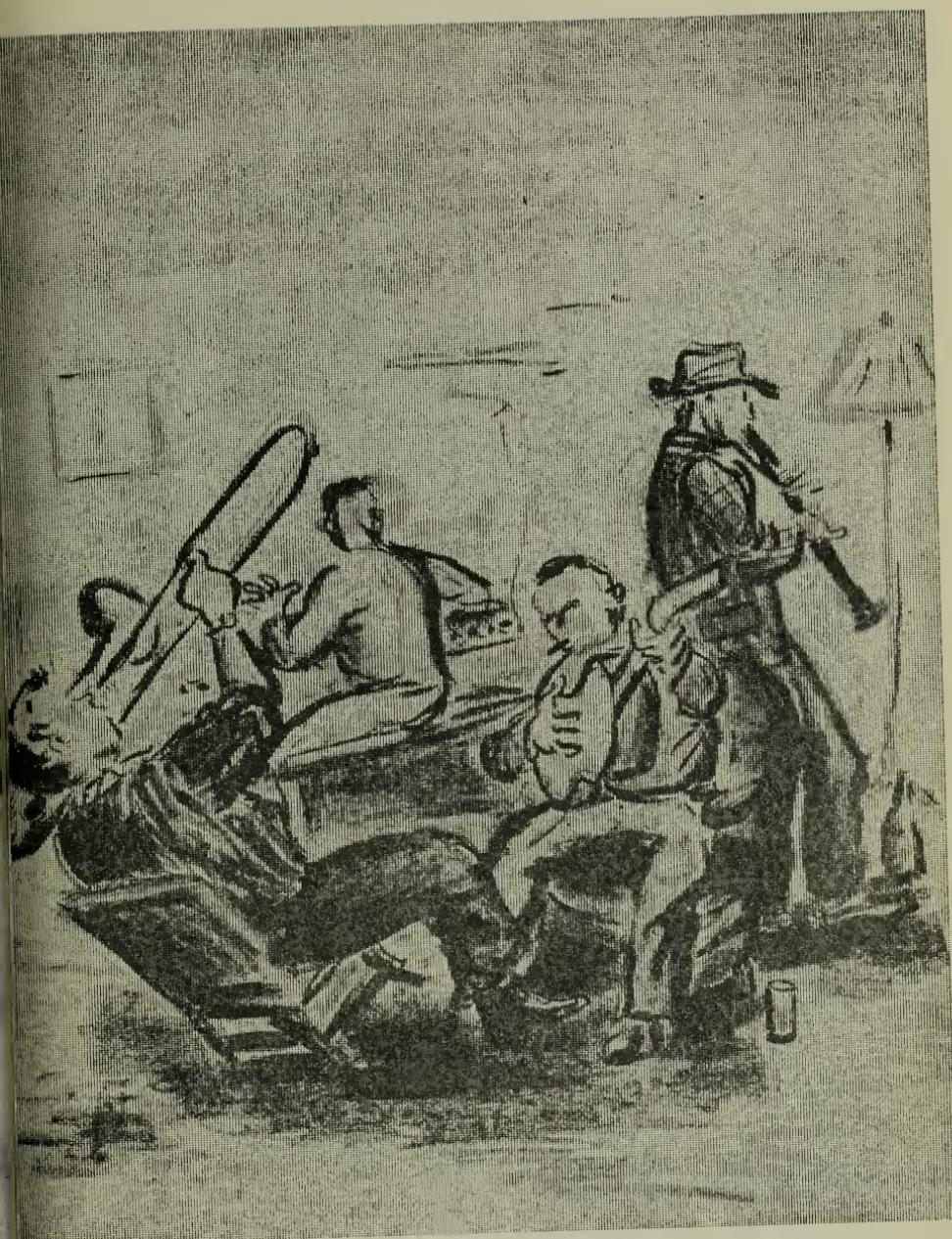
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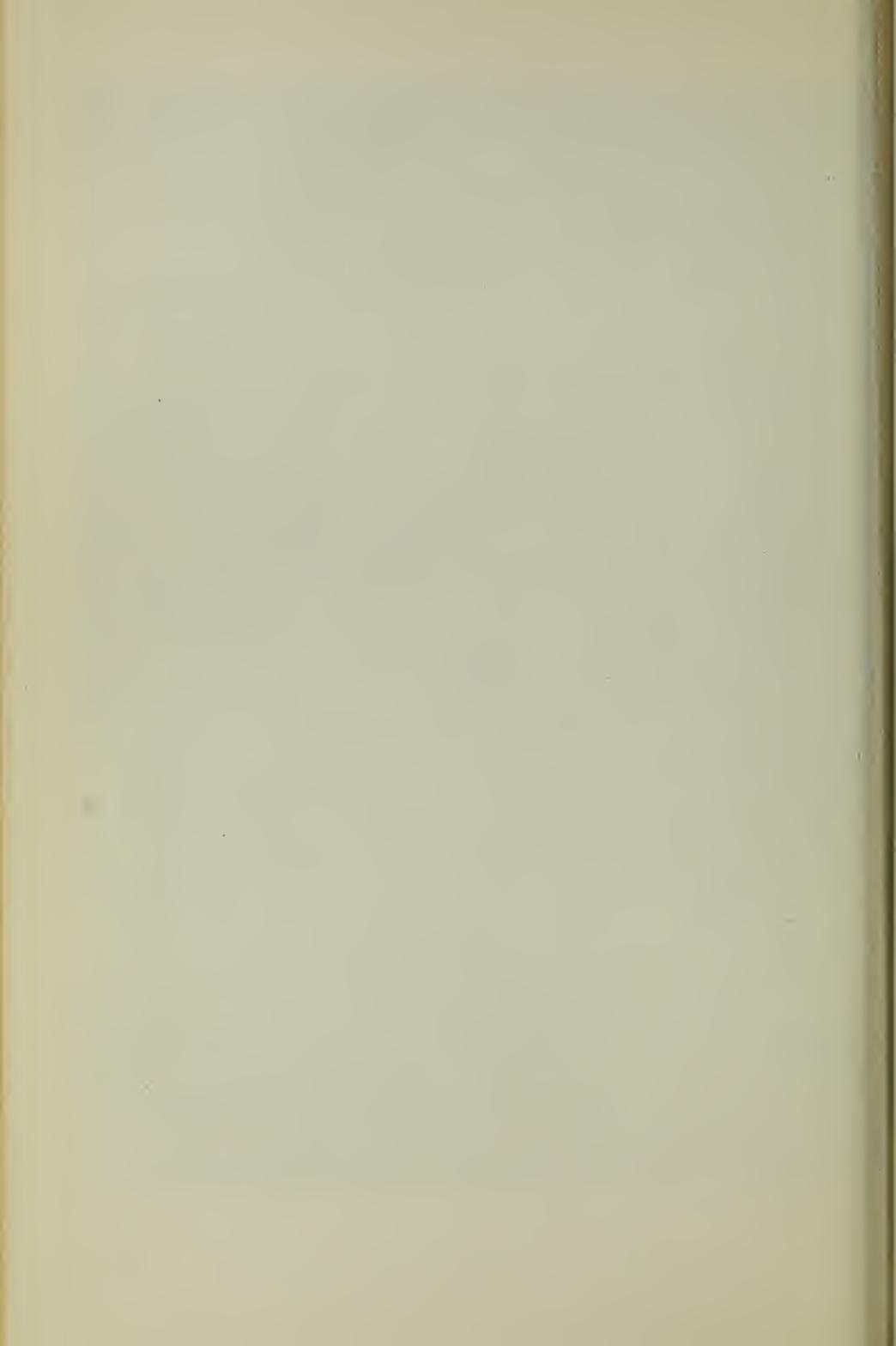
BOY

G. S. SCHREYER

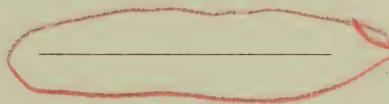


THE BOYS

E. F. HUDSON, 3RD



THE MIRROR SUPPLEMENT



for

LOWER MIDDLE

and

JUNIOR CLASS

WRITING

CONTENTS

TOWARDS DEATH OR LIFE	<i>P. L. B. Sourian</i>	4
MIDSUMMER MADNESS	<i>F. H. Burrell</i>	7
A LEVEL	<i>R. W. Boeth</i>	10
THE PEOPLE	<i>E. W. Keyes</i>	11
ON ARCHITECTURE	<i>J. U. Ottenheimer</i>	14
REUNION	<i>E. W. Keyes</i>	18
THE POWER OF THE PICTURE	<i>R. D. Elwell, Jr.</i>	20
THE LOON	<i>E. Wentworth</i>	22
THE MOST DEADLY LEGAL WEAPON	<i>P. E. Blau</i>	23
ODD YEARS	<i>R. Blum, Jr.</i>	25
GOING TO RIO DE JANEIRO	<i>J. R. Grossmann</i>	26
WANDERLUST	<i>T. P. Gordon</i>	32
DEAR JAN	<i>F. H. Burrell</i>	35
BLIND DATE	<i>Eric Wentworth</i>	37
“... NOT IN OUR STARS”	<i>R. W. Boeth</i>	41
HERO	<i>E. W. Keyes</i>	43
ANTIQUES	<i>P. L. B. Sourian</i>	50

(By the Retiring Board of the Mirror)

Two years ago a few Juniors got together and formed a lacrosse team. Maybe they were just friends, maybe they liked to play together, but they were able to stand up against older players.

This is not meant to be about Juniors so much, yet now you can see another team, a new group — the Lower Middlers. We thought it would be a nice gesture to give them a part in the magazine, but it turned out differently: their supplement can stand by itself.

A few people objected to the use of “supplement” — they thought the term was degrading. But do the writers of, oh, the literary supplement of *The New York Times* consider themselves degraded?

The Lower Middlers changed these issues. The usual Senior hold was broken, and they have shown us that no one should make age or class a certain test. Their spirit has been enough.

TOWARDS DEATH OR LIFE

By P. L. B. Sourian

I

Of the Flesh — Everywhere, Always

HAVE YOU ever seen hunger on the face of a man? To see it is to see an expression of the worst pain that God can inflict upon the human flesh.

The wasted miserable figure bent over a bag of cement and tugged at it in vain. Veins stood out on his black forehead like the divisions on a china dinner plate. But they were alive. His eyes seemed heavy in their cups — they weighed him down. Everything did. His body was a proving ground for pain. The husky blond foreman took the cigar out of his mouth and spat, "Come on, nigger, tote that sack!" Somehow, stumbling over his overalls, he struggled off with it. I watched him turn the corner and then, maddened inside to the raving point, I walked up to the foreman and quietly asked, "Why don't you help him? He's half-starved." He laughed hard, so very hard. It was so *very* funny. In a moment he had recovered enough to say, with tears of laughter flooding his eyes: "What? Help a filthy nigger? For Christ's sake, he's getting paid for it!"

"For Christ's sake, for Christ's sake, for Christ's sake . . ."

II

Of a Soul — In a school cafeteria, 1948

The old man stood behind the stacks of dirty dishes, slowly piling one upon the other. Every so often he raised his head, pushed the hair back out of his face, and peered through funny thick-rimmed glasses at the schoolboys dumping their dirty plates on the metal swill-counter, complaining about their troubles: "didn't quite make the team"; "that damn Anderson gave me a *fifty-nine* in French, can you imagine?" His faded blue shirt was torn in several places, buttoned at the top. Suspenders held his pants up higher at one place than at another. He was so different from the other pantry workers, who were always hurrying nowhere. He just stood there, piling one dish upon another, over and over again, until finally his work was done — that is to say, until the *next meal*.

I was sorry for him until, after weeks of watching and finally talking with him for a while, I realised through his words that he was not just a poor machine, but a man who had something to look forward to. That was something that very few of the fortunate schoolboys, with whole lives and futures in their grasp, possessed — faith. Otherwise, how could a man do the same endless, monotonous work, three meals a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, for *fifty years*, until he died or lived all over again.

Oh well, *someone* has to swill our garbage for us, you know.

I didn't see him at work yesterday.

III

Of an Ideal — Paris, 1945

The American soldier tottered out of *Le Pardi* a little

unsteadily. He moved into the darkness, suddenly raised his tommy-gun, and then — fired into the street. Within the next few moments ten people were dying to the hymn of drunken animal laughter and the sound of leather boot heels clattering up a French alley, both merging with battle sounds echoing not twenty miles away.

And now, three years later, the young Frenchman turned to the indignant American visitor who, barely five minutes before, had been shrieking about the ingratitude of "these damned frogs," saying, "Now, perhaps, *monsieur*, you realize *un peu* why they point and whisper in the streets: "*Regardez, L'americain.*"

The tourist just couldn't understand, but walked away, still muttering to himself.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

By F. H. Burrell

WHILE I was cleaning out my desk the other day I came across a diary I had kept several years ago. I always enjoy reading diaries, even my own. I usually take an opportunity to evade any work when I'm in the middle of it. Well, as I say, I was perusing my own diary, not concentrating too much; but my attention jumped to the following entry:

"Dear Diary: Very warm, so I swam down at Beaverbrook today. Came back early."

It wasn't much; but it set me thinking. I remembered the incident very well. It being one of those itchy, dusty days that only Bedford inflicts on its inhabitants, I thought that the best thing I could do would be to go down to Beaverbrook Stream. I knew of a swell little place where practically no one went. It was terribly hot on the way down, even under the trees, and I would have turned back except that I had gotten so far already. It wasn't long before I heard the burble of the brook through the trees and ferns. This seemed to cool me off where I was, but I was feeling pretty hot and dour by the time I got my clothes off and jumped into the water. A pool was trapped there by a twist in the stream bed, and it was very pleasant floating on my back, gazing upward at the rampant green of foliage. And then sometimes I'd

turn over and look at the little fish on the bottom flickering through the shadows of ripples on green plush pebbles.

After a while I climbed up on the bank and dried myself in the last bit of the afternoon sun. I was almost in a trance, blotting the drops of water. I remember even now the way the beads of water looked, like little crystals of honey-suckle syrup with a thousand suns buried in them. I was pretty well mentally tied up in this when I felt a chill flabby something drop on my leg. I sort of flipped myself over, at the same time trying to shake the thing off by a jerk of my leg. By the time I sat up, whatever it was was gone. I thought it probably was a toad or a frog and so when I heard a rasp in the moss nearby, I crawled in that direction only to see a mottled khaki form arc into some nearby bushes. I was up and toward it in an instant and after clutching vainly for it a few times and making myself look pretty foolish I finally caught it.

By that time I was hot again and dirty and itchy; so I clutched the little beast and sat down by the brook to see what he looked like. He certainly was a toad, and a much uglier one than I have seen before or since. He had large scrofulous warts and clammy flesh that puffed up and down each time he gasped his cacophonous croak.

I didn't analyze him in such a way at the time, though; an unreasoning hatred for the little creature who had violated my repose engulfed me. The blood flowed to my head and a fever of hatred swelled at my temples. I became obsessed with the desire to squash the toad, his aggravating flesh, and his strident rasp. And then in an awe-full, terrifying way, I began clearly and coldly to analyze methods for the destruction of the creature. This was not impulsive murder. It was first degree murder. I hit on a plan. Meticulously, I tore strips from my towel and knotted them together. I found a stone and fastened it to the string; lastly, I tied one end of the contrivance onto the legs of the hateful toad.

I think I shall never forget how the thing looked struggling upward but spiralling downward into the terrible, clear water. I was watching, fascinated when incredibly the bubble of hatred shattered from around me and I flung myself into the water. It seemed like minutes that I stayed under there groping for the little animal. At last I grasped his limp body and lifted him ahead of myself to the shore.

Even before I emerged, I was clawing at the shreds of towel in an effort to free him. It was too late. I left him under a fern.

I never went swimming there again.

A LEVEL

By R. W. Boeth

A city of millions: features edged with sky,
Jaw jutting to spite the slap of the circling bay.
A spinning sparrow plummets toward the earth,
Then halts; and playing with the yielding air,
It swoops to rest on a waving willow branch.

A piece of coke ash: burnt, and parchment thin,
With features edged from the chimney where it flamed,
While sinking past the sparrow toward the earth,
Is born up an instant by a conquering gust,
And then alone, it sinks to the mud below.

THE PEOPLE

By E. W. Keyes

No one of us takes it sufficiently to heart that he is but one.

— MONTAIGNE

“**O**F COURSE,” he said, “I am the people, you know.”

He stood before them, on the massive steps of his fine verandah, looking into the burning sunset. His well-tied tie and tailored suit and expensive cigar indicated the prosperous business man; his easy air of aloof cordiality proclaimed the successful statesman. Contentedly he traced with his finger his name, Thorndike J. Hathaway, on the gleaming marble pillar.

“I can swing it,” he told them confidently. “I’ve stood for the people for so long that now they’re beginning to stand for me. My name is synonymous with the public welfare.”

This was off the record, of course, and when they hurried back to the evening editions of the *Times* and the *Tribune* and the *Star-Herald*, they merely said that Thorndike J. Hathaway, leading United States senator, was strongly in favor of the Communist Party bill; was, in fact, ready to

stake his personal and professional reputation upon it. "Hathaway says, 'Vote Communist!'" they headlined, and they showed pictures of him on the well-kept lawn of his home. The *Times* said, "Mr. Hathaway is more than a mere man. He is the personification of forward-looking, progressive America." The *Tribune* modestly called him the torch-bearer of the nineteen-fifties.

After they had gone, the great man, carrying with him the dreams and the yearnings of so many other great and lesser men, strolled into his spacious library. It was dark now, and pinpoints of light glowed strongly in the enveloping dusk. Hathaway pondered a moment over his massive, well-bound texts, seeking for some inspiration for his own speech, to be televised on the next Wednesday. At length he drew out from the shelves an old volume entitled, "News Events of our Times," and let the pages fall open where they might.

"Adolf Hitler's Address to the German People," he read; "dated March 27, 1942." His eager eyes continued over the rest of the already-yellowing page.

"Friends! members of the master race! I stand before you today as the leader of the future leaders of the world. The decadent democracies are everywhere crumbling; we, the German people, are invincible. In our hour of victory, I stand before you and say, 'I am your leader, but I am not merely one man. Rather am I the symbol of the People; I and the People and the hopes and the dreams and the aspirations of the People are one. Believe in me as you would believe in yourselves, for I am yourself.' I look over your happy, eager, victorious faces, and I know that you trust me, and believe in me, and I know that I am not one, but millions, and that in me is the future and the prosperity of the whole world."

The great man laid the open book down on the table; his lips, half-curved in a smile, mocked at the eager lights of

the houses outside; well-manicured fingers stroked thoughtfully the side of his smooth-shaven cheek. A flash of fire illuminated for an instant his dark, brooding eyes; then it was gone, leaving in its stead glowing embers. He left the volume where it lay, and softly switched off the lights; then he glided upstairs to his heavy books.

ON ARCHITECTURE

By J. U. Ottenheimer

THE SCHOOL is going to build a new gymnasium. What kind of gym do we want? If it is anything like our other buildings, there are bound to be mistakes, such as those in George Washington Hall (inadequate space for books and coats, and inconvenient layout of the offices). Certainly, examples of these mistakes are not lacking in other buildings on the campus — or anywhere. There is bound to be useless ornament, on the exterior. Anything that is useless means more cost than is necessary. How can we be sure of getting a building that is convenient, works well, is practical, and is beautiful and fitting besides?

By employing a *modern* architect and so having *modern* architecture.

This new architecture has developed and grown during the past fifty years, and had its beginnings before that. One of the basic concepts of this architecture is "Form Follows Function". This means that a building designed with sole regard to the use of the building (function) will have a natural, original exterior (form) that is attractive in itself, without adding anything. When a building is designed with this in mind, all the attention can be put to such problems as acoustics and where to put coats and books. A building's main purpose

is to be used; so the major work in the planning should concern what goes on inside.

The architecture closest to people is domestic. Here we find new concepts of design. To achieve more space and freedom in the home, many of the walls are removed, and rooms are combined or made into alcoves. The *living room* (room for living) now contains a space for formal entertaining, eating, playing cards, and reading, with an alcove for food preparation. Bedrooms are separate. A sense of freedom and spaciousness is produced by this opening up process.

This freedom concept connects with another idea, that of having the house close to nature and the ground, not divorced and unattached from it. By having walls of glass, parts of which open, the living room extends to the horizon, and so includes the trees and the grass as part of the living space. To blend with nature, natural materials are used, wood and stone. Steel, besides permitting us to build structures the ancients couldn't conceive of, allows closer association to the ground. This is because the steel frame which supports the whole house extends right into the foundation, into the ground, making a direct linkage.

These ideas of being close to nature, of more freedom, and of taking more heed of function are true of all good modern architecture, but they are not the whole story. Architecture is an art. Buildings must be beautiful to please one's aesthetic sense. The new architecture achieves this through abstract composition and integral ornament. By abstract composition I mean the arrangement of the planes, the masses, and the various materials to form a balanced and pleasing entity. In the home, integral ornament is ornament that grows from the design itself, making use of natural texture, bas-relief, paintings, drapes, rugs, and furniture as part of the whole house, designed for that house and that space, integral pieces in the composition that the architect conceived. By designing

this way, everything can be made to fit the owner's tastes and needs. In the same way a large building is planned for the particular environment in which it stands.

Some people will say they don't like modern architecture; they don't want to change. What has suited people for the last few thousand years will suit them. They are getting along all right now; why should they change? These people are not awake to progress. New methods and materials have made possible constructions that never were before. New inventions have changed much of our way of life. And *are* we so well off? (I have mentioned some of the annoying and inconvenient factors in the buildings here.) If these things can be made better, why not do so? There is a natural desire for something different, for a change, and there is a natural urge to create. To ignore these is to stagnate.

As to the future, no one can tell, but I think there is a more immediate need for a new architecture than merely for a more convenient life. Only the greatest states of the past have produced an original architecture. These states were the only ones to develop a distinct culture. When a culture is fresh, the people are rejuvenated by it, because it stimulates them with its new ideas. It makes the people more wide awake and eager to live. Religion is closely tied up with culture — architecture is part of culture — and new religion means stronger beliefs. Fresh, strong faith in a new culture would strengthen the nation. If Russia, by force of arms, conquered us, they would absorb the new culture. If they came to live as we do, they would probably come to use our government — also part of our culture — and so it seems that we would be the conquerors after all.

There is a psychological part of the story. People who live in houses of Greek architecture (Medieval, Gothic, or Colonial) have a conflict in their environment. As much as they wouldn't give up their old style houses and furniture, they just

couldn't get along without a new car and an electric washer. They take electricity and use it to power a whale oil lamp or a fake candle. Everywhere there is a conflict between the old and the new. They never bother to admit that because they are living at this period they should use the things produced by today's craftsmen.

I think architecture could be the thing to start a new culture. It would require leaders to organize, intelligent thinking, and cooperation, but with these leaders to organize the advancements, couldn't a new culture rapidly reach the point of development where the majority of people is working for it? The organization might take on the form of a consumer's union, for consumers force progress in all things. Certainly no effort would be too great if a new culture could stop Russia. We can help to start the movement here in this school of leaders by building a modern gym. At any rate, we still want a good one.

REUNION

By E. W. Keyes

He stood as still as stone, and watched the flaming sun
Spill molten gold across the tenements;
The squealing, ragged children plied the street
With dirty shoes and hands, and mocking cries.
Sprawled in the sticky dust, a blue-eyed boy
And girl with laughing lips made languid love.
The oily pigeons pattered past the square
Seeking for cooling grass, but there was no grass;
And overhead an eager trolley chased
The rails that kept his people from the skies.

He had not felt these streets for many years,
Since he had run them barefoot, as a boy,
And known the slummer's wealth, and bitter joy,
And lack of food and drink, and racking tears,
And the green bitter flame that sears and sears.
An obscene word, chalk-scrawled against a fence,
Caught his attention and he laughed in glee —
He was a rich man now; no slummer he —
No broken beds and musty houses now,
Filled with forgotten meals of yesterday,
No rancid hovels where a corpse held sway,

No waifing through the mocking streets by night,
And grovelling for cake, and finding bread,
With only street-lamps marching overhead,
And nothing ever green, but dry and dead,
And wanting sky, and getting rats instead.

He chuckled at the bleary men, and eyed
The raucous ash-cans with a cool distaste,
And thought of all the souls that went to waste
In humble hates and joys and pulsing tears.
The jostling, eager crowds as quick as death,
And flaring neon signs, cacaphanous sounds,
And fetid smells revoked half-hated days.
He was so glad that he had got away.

Joe's Bar and Minnie's Grill and Piner's Drugs,
And push-cart people roving with the sun,
And lazy women guzzling frothy beer,
And he had left them all, all far behind.
Cheap music, hurdy-gurdies, running lights,
And cheap, hard days of dirt, and soft warm nights,
Cheap beer, cheap lodgings, and a host of friends;
Since they knew nothing else, they might not mind.
Drug stores, cafes, beer joints, and third-rate shows;
Two-by-four life, yet there was beauty too —
The criss-cross trolley tracks were ever new —
The men were gentle, and the women kind.
He watched the children running through the street,
With slum dust in their hair and on their feet,
And heard the organ grinder's rough refrain
That he had sought the whole world for in vain,
And smelled the common beer as cool as rain . . .
Oh God, hot tears have drowned my eyes again!
Why must they flow so free, and blind and blind?

THE POWER OF THE PICTURE

By R. D. Elwell, Jr.

ANY PICTURE will do. Fasten to your wall a clipping from a magazine, a map, a portrait, or an artistic masterpiece surrounded by a frame doing its very best to outshine the work of art. Now what? You know that soon these sheets of paper or canvas will imperceptibly melt into the wall. They will cease to attract your attention; you will have "known" them. What then is their purpose? You would feel quite entertained if you were to change them every week or have the wall plastered with about thirty, as I do.

Even assuming that you have nothing better to do than hang pictures, too many are a danger not to be lightly ignored. For instance, if I glance up from my desk, my eye strikes the chubby countenance of Mr. Churchill; from thence it wanders to the Matterhorn; to a Mediterranean coast scene; to a Portuguese man of war strangling little fish; to the radiator; and finally back to my desk. This is the shortest of many time-consuming routes strung across my wall. So much time do I spend on these miniature tours of the world that my Latin teacher is beginning to feel like a wall-flower.

The most important phase of the power of the picture is best illustrated by a concrete example. As I struggle fitfully through Caesar, I am prone to use a rather forceful mode of

expression. Do you think that, upon catching sight of the serenely smiling Princess Elizabeth, I will "let fly?" Of course I will, but it is always followed with a polite, "Excuse me, beautiful." You see, any picture with form or color has, also, character. And it imparts this character to your room and to you.

At this you mumble and demand what "influence" is imparted by the picture of an Egyptian sarcophagus. None, apart from a slight feeling of decay. But pictures have color, and this color will act in the most strange manner. I have found that yellowish-green flavors geometry most pleasantly; navy blue seems to help along English themes — unfortunately, not essays. Choose your pictures with an eye to their color and, even more important, their composition. In this manner, you are starting to develop a future personality.

But handle with care! This unleashed power may explode violently. A few instructions: never hang up any of your own drawings. You will either become a neuro-maniac or an idiot. You must also be careful in the combination of your pictures. If you have crammed together a portrait of G.B.S., a picture of a smoked ham, and of a cactus sitting in a red desert, you will acquire a beautiful split personality. But if you insist, as I do, on collecting a weird assortment of maps, hams, and Portuguese men of war, at least take care to mix in plenty of landscape.

Landscapes sooth the savage breast (I hope some of my friends are "reading in"). For example, if you clash head on with Latin Grammar and start sliding down the red abyss of fury, your eye will clutch the soothing green of a forest or baby blue of a sky. Thereupon, you'll turn from your work to gaze at a wall of mountains and rivers. Your room, possessing enchantment, is transformed from a grubby cell to a "sanctum sanctorum" of nature.

At this I falter, feeling that my reader has slipped away

and fails to realize what is his. Take heed, ye of little intellect! Your hopes and ambitions lie in your grasp. You strive to be a lady-killer? Smear the wall with Ingrid Bergman. A leader of men? Winston Churchill. Your fate is yours.

THE LOON

By E. Wentworth

As dawn dusts the sky
With pale-blue light,
I see
The lonely loon in restless flight
Across the lake.
Veering not
To left or right
With rapid beats of whispering wings
He passes
Like a phantom
Overhead.
He spies a tiny island,
And in its clear reflection
Comes to rest.
Now at last his mournful call
Sounds round the lake,
As with satisfaction
He receives
The early-morning sunlight
On his breast.

THE MOST DEADLY LEGAL WEAPON

By P. E. Blau

BEYOND ALL doubt, the most deadly legal weapon is the lacrosse stick. With it you can jab, cut, gouge, rip, smash, slice, and — a minor usage — play a game. The game itself was invented by the American Indians, because they wanted an excuse for bloodshed other than outright war. The number of men on a side was not fixed, and the goals were nine or ten miles apart. These barbarous savages entered the game; hacked away at each other until they dropped from exhaustion; and were carted off the field, to be replaced by another eager horde. The white man, the great civilizer, decided that there should be some object to the slaughter and added a ball. Otherwise, the game has not been changed. We have now the exact same game as had the Indians, except that there is a purpose for our mayhem.

Lacrosse is played with a stick somewhat akin to an elongated and thick tennis racket. One side of the wood around the strings has been removed and is replaced by a wall of stiff rawhide. The genius who contrived this innovation was a cunning sadist. A crosscut saw is much less destructive to your opponent. The front of the stick is as sharp as a razor, ostensibly to facilitate the handling of the ball, but in reality to be used as a broadsword. The handle is usually

left blunt, but is sometimes sharpened and tipped with curare — cross-word-puzzle for deadly poison.

Picture the coach. Nero never got as much pleasure out of throwing Christians to the lions as does the coach sending one player after another into the massacre. "Play the ball and then the man." So says the ethical code. But if your man is able to walk away from a brief encounter, you are in immediate disgrace. The only set rule of the game in regards to fighting is that you may not hit your opponent from behind. However, you may use any tricks you know from football, fencing, or wrestling. The safest place during a lacrosse game is the last row of the grandstand, but even there you might be hit by a flying body, the result of a collision in the field. Your main defense against this is knowing how to handle your stick, especially handling it skillfully without the referee's seeing you. No quarter is asked or given. It is a battle to the death. The knights of King Arthur's time had iron armor, but today we do battle in a flimsy helmet and a pair of gloves. What protection! Five men converge on you, their mouths foaming, their eyes bloodshot!

Well, you can always go out for lifesaving.

ODD YEARS

By R. Blum, Jr.

The odd years come,
And while it is but early Spring, she feels
The warmth of Summer breezes on her cheek,
And hears the rustlings of the days to come.

The years come on
And she, once numb and closed and still,
An unawakened bud within earth's womb,
That sleeps in warmth and sheltered from the wind
In some still glade, begins now to unfold.
I see her from the shadows in her land
Of silken petals, delicate as minutes.
She sees in all things joy and hears a song;
A song of love — a great newfound adventure —
Whose words she knows, but still she cannot sing.

The years come swiftly on and then pass by,
To leave behind with her
A web of days that once were her tomorrows.
Then, looking up, she sees her world and smiles.
And on her face, I see the gentle beauty
That is woman.

GOING TO RIO DE JANEIRO

By J. R. Grossmann

BRAZIL is a young country. In the interior a fifteen-year-old boy is respected as much as a twenty-one-year-old native. This is partly due to the financial problems and also because of the lack of schooling everywhere.

Another fact which is of the utmost importance is that Brazil has a sort of Mason Dixon line running about one hundred miles along the coast. East of this line live foreign immigrants who make life fairly agreeable. On the other hand, west of the line, everything is hard to get, and life is worse than that in the old wild west. That is why foreigners are so highly respected. Naturally there are cities on this western side that are fairly up to date, but the majority of the people have a rather hard time. The "interior" is another name for this western section because of its difficulties in transportation. True, one can fly, but not every city has its own airport, and then, passages are very expensive.

A year ago, toward the middle of March, I started to make my way back to Rio de Janeiro, after a long summer vacation at a typical Brazilian fazenda.* This particular

*Fazenda is the name for a Brazilian combination ranch and plantation that needs no help from the outside world.

fazenda was located on a rather flat, prairie terrain, used mostly for grazing. Unlike what many other people believe, Brazil is definitely not all jungle.

That day I was neither glad nor excited, for it was, as some fellows say, "heading back to the ol' grind." I had had a rather enjoyable time doing odd jobs on this fazenda, but now I had found out what life in the interior was like, and at last the day had come. It was not only the thought of returning to school but also the fact that I had a weary three day journey and two hundred and fifty miles ahead of me. (In the United States we can go places by various methods of transportation, and two hundred and fifty miles is nothing.) However, I had no choice, since there was only one way I could take. Although it may seem complicated to the reader, I felt I was lucky being able to get home by horseback, train, car, and bus.

Early in the morning I packed my belongings (consisting of clothes, a combination first aid and necessity kit, camping utensils, and a six shooter) in two canvas flight bags, which I secured on both sides of my horse. Then I mounted and set off with the two sons of the owner of the fazenda, who were both in their early twenties and practically ran it.

For four hours we rode under the usual cloudless sky and scorching sun to the nearest little village. It must have been about midday. So far we had been riding on hard earth or low grass, but now we rode in on a luxurious dirt road. On both sides of the road lone cultivated fields and clay houses started coming in sight. Occasional, scraping palm trees could be seen. Evidently the town had no water supply, for from time to time we passed a mule pack carrying goat skins full of water. As we got even nearer we began to see beggars once in a while.

Finally we reached the center of the capital of the country. It consisted of a garage for both horses and cars, a

municipal mudhouse, a bar, and a combination A & P and department store which must have been about twenty by thirty feet. All of a sudden a troupe of women and children gathered around the garage to see the unusual white man ride into town. They must all have been used to rough treatments, for by the time we had dismounted, there was nobody in sight.

Since the most frequented place was ordinarily the bar, I went in. There were drunkards and gamblers, and ranchers and farmers, but even beggars seemed to have enough money to carry a six shooter. They were all cold-looking, clad in almost anything they were lucky enough to rob. Some hadn't shaved for weeks because they couldn't afford such luxurious implements, but most of them didn't care. They looked to me as if they thought they had better uses for razors. All this made me feel uneasy, and I felt like going out again, but if there's anything Brazilians hate, it's when a foreigner shows he doesn't "know the ropes."

"What time does the weekly bus pass by for Pindauorou-hangaba?" I asked in a voice as firm as I could.

"That depends," answered the bartender. He was a short, stubby fellow. "The road . . . there's just been a landslide, you know — yesterday afternoon. I don't know."

"All right," I said, putting a ten-cruzeiro bill* on the counter. "I know you lead a tough life and that it rains nearly every afternoon in this part of the tropics. Now let's see if you know."

"Now you talk, Mr. American," he answered, smiling. "I do lead a hard life. Taxes are high and the government is bad, but three wives and twenty-one children don't help." At this he took a slug of the bottle on the counter. "Santa Maria, forgive me," he mumbled, "and oh, yes — the bus —

*One cruzeiro is equal to 10c but is worth about half a dollar in the interior.

it should be here now."

At that moment I heard a faint tooting that grew louder for forty-five seconds. The bus, for some miraculous reason, was on time.

"Thanks," I said, gulping down a cup of coffee and dashing out.

I said goodbye to my friends outside, threw my bags on top of the car, and got into the thing they called a bus. Actually it was merely a '38 Ford station wagon that looked as if it had traveled half a dozen times around the world.

After a bumpy ride we finally arrived at Pindauorouhangaba three hours late. Since one o'clock we had covered the unbelievable distance of sixty miles. Of course the door fell off twice, and the muffler split, but that was nothing unusual. In fact, we didn't even have a flat tire.

This city (about as big as Andover) looked to me like the typical old wild west town you see in cowboy serials. There were an awful lot of gunsmiths, hotels, gambling houses, and bars, and people jabbered and hurried all over the place.

After getting my bags down I directed myself toward the nearest hotel. Luckily I happened to pick a fairly decent one that rented me a room on the bottom floor. It was a rather low room, and of course they hadn't cleaned it for six months, but at least the sheets were clean — even though they were all patched. Another good point about it was that my window looked right on to the main square.

After a hearty supper of beans, rice, and dried beef* and a good night's sleep, I was awakened by the screams and yells of people on the main street trying to dodge a runaway horse. At the same time a waiter came in, probably to tell me breakfast was served, but instead he just stared at the window and screamed himself.

*National dish.

"Señor," he yelled excitedly. "I can't believe it. You slept with your windows open and no one came in to rob you?"

When this thought had blown by, I got up, had breakfast, and paid my bill. I then walked over to the railroad station with my bags. Just as I was getting there a policeman approached me and told me to come into a side street with him. It turned out that he just wanted to sell me a lottery ticket against the law.

"Thank you very much," I told him kindly. "You see I don't believe in lotteries, but here's a cigarette anyway."

Then I went over to the ticket office and asked for a ticket.

"You are lucky," said the ticket agent. "Tomorrow we are going to strike. You see, I get two hundred a week, and my employees get one hundred, and with all the taxes — well, I'm going broke. That's why I'm in favor of communism. I've gotten to the point where I can't get any worse off for a man of my class; so what can I lose if the communist party is no good? We all feel it's worth a try."

"All right, all right," I said, paying him, "I'm not here to discuss communism with you."

I got on the train and no sooner had I put my bags up than it started off. The seats in the car were, roughly speaking, two long boards on both sides with cracked windows for backs. The floor was one of the most gruesome sights I ever saw. There was about an inch of dust which had now formed into mud — mixed with tobacco juice.

We had not been riding for an hour, when a man at the other end of the car suddenly accused another of pick-pocketing him. This one in turn lost no time in starting a fight, but, since the conductor would have none of it, the train stopped and they were promptly dropped off to continue their fight in the middle of nowhere.

At about four o'clock that afternoon, when the rain was

just starting to fall, another rather queer incident took place. In the midst of a the cigar smoke inside and the rain outside I suddenly saw a wheel go whizzing in the opposite direction. Immediately the train stopped and the conductor announced that the engine's right hind wheel had fallen off, but that there was nothing to worry about. I went out to see what I could do to help, but by the time I got there they had already attached it again. "No wonder," I said to myself, reading a plate on the wheel. It read: L.N.E.R., patented — made in London, England, 1898.

With much difficulty we finally arrived at a city seventy miles north of Rio by eight o'clock at night. This city was very different indeed. There was not a gun in sight and in fact dark-skinned people were rather rare. There were even electric facilities here and I noticed that I had passed the border line and was back in civilization — a foreign civilization — again.

WANDERLUST

By T. P. Gordon

THREE IS something in human nature that drives a man away from his own peaceful fireside and leaves him stranded on the road somewhere, uncertain as to where he will spend the night, and equally uncertain of the dangers that lie therein. Although we are not able to single out this certain trait, we are convinced of its presence and of its effect on man's history. For as far back as the recorded annals of human existence man has always had this wanderlust that, more often than just occasionally, leaves him exposed to the mysterious dangers of nature.

This instinct undoubtedly includes the simple love of adventure. Every man has this love deep within him, although few of us permit it to influence our lives to a very great extent. Many men, however, have been so powerfully directed by the instinct that their destinies have been determined by it. Ulysses is a classic example. In Tennyson's portrait of him we see the pure instinct of adventure and wanderlust: "How dull it is to pause, to make and end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use; as tho' to breathe were life; push off, for my purpose holds to sail beyond the sunset and the baths of all western stars until I die."

There are, however, other and less glorious reasons why

man wanders. He wanders to escape habit, to shirk responsibility, and for selfish ends alone. The Spanish and their New World Colonies exemplify the complexities of the instinct. They would hardly have risked their lives in boldly exploring a totally unknown world if there had not been alluring piles of gold to reward them for their audacity. The American Pioneer was certainly courageous in pushing westward over the broad, flat, dangerous plains against savage Indians; but along with his adventurous spirit was the hope of finding an easier way of life for his children, if not for himself. And there are still other reasons for man's wandering. The Northerners wander from the cold; the Southerners, from the heat; and the English, from their plumbing. All these motives are combined in the wanderlust that lures man away from the security of his home and leaves him an easy prey for the thief or ill-doer.

At home, man is assured of comfort, good food, privacy, and safety. He can relax in his own surroundings and enjoy himself in security. On the road, however, he has no positive assurance of any of these things. On the road he must rely on a moral code, not written down, but only generally accepted, that merely promises him comparative safety and some degree of comfort. For centuries man has been accepting lodgings for the night, and he needed some assurance that he would not arise the next morning to discover his possessions looted and his valuables gone; or even that he has been quietly stabbed, in the middle of the night, and disposed of along the road by his gracious host. Society could not tolerate this. In overnight lodgings, however, man does encounter dangers, less drastic perhaps, but still annoying, if not threatening. He discovers bad food, falling plaster, collapsing beds, creaking floors, and noisy neighbors. He sometimes experiences that feeling of being watched and is, in general, not at ease. Few proprietors or men who make commercial hospitality their

business either in the old-fashioned inn or the modern hotel succeed in rendering their guests true hospitality. Therefore, very rarely are overnight lodgings comparable in comfort to what man could have enjoyed had he stayed at home.

If man must wander from home — and it seems he must — in his search for variety, he may succeed in finding some comfort and security; but he searches in vain for true hospitality. Man belongs by his own fireside, and only there, in his own surroundings, can be fully feel at ease and be at peace with the world and with himself.

DEAR JAN

By F. H. Burrell

I am slumping on a pillow on my first floor window sill close
to sleep

I was doing my latin and playing records on an automatic
machine and then it played a polka
so I write to you.

The crumbled black soft earth fills in the pattern of flowing
grass before a red brick building

The Sun is just around the corner of the house
so it's not in my eyes
but it tangles with the clouds
and it glimmers off insects' backs

And makes the grass a green luminescence

It's a summer day through the window frame the faded gold
heat-haze of late afternoon
and a scattered whorl of gnats
slip past each other

The vic plays "Sabre Dance"

A cloud seems to have exploded
And another pretends it's an elephant's head
The tracery of budded trees
 on my horizon
 sifts the warm wind slipping about
 my blue-shirt's tails
A postman who looks like a cross between Billy Cox and
 Bing Crosby and dressed
 in a black officer's cap
 and a black and orange basketball jacket
Floated by behind me
The wind has left a pomegranite-colored speck-of-a-kite
 skittering high
 among the elephant cloud
"Mr. Cushman's" truck rattled and dusted up the glittering
 asphalt
So I bought a cocoanut-covered chocolate cake and some pea-
 nut-brittle
The polka is on again
and I shall do my Latin.

BLIND DATE

By Eric Wentworth

UPON HIS DESK George Harris kept an autographed picture of Marcia Haley, the famous young Hollywood actress. Not cut from any magazine, this picture had come personally from her. George had met Miss Haley the preceding summer while vacationing at a North Woods resort, and although he saw her only once, with her press agent Phil Callahan, she was firmly implanted in his heart as the "only one". Now back at school as he boasted to his colleagues, he regretted somewhat his shyness at that meeting. Nevertheless he was able to put up a satisfactory front in which he described taking her out sailing and inviting her on a picnic in the woods.

This pride became unbearable one evening, and one of his friends, arousing himself from the pile of bodies sprawled on the couch, made a militant remark: "I'll bet you never met her at all!"

George's face was noticeably redder as he replied with vigor, "Oh yeah? How many times do I——"

"How can you prove it?" was the retort of the first speaker.

Fate is often wont to exhibit itself in large doses. Such was the case in this innocent little session as a third voice chimed in.

"I know," it began, "the Junior Prom is next month; why

don't you invite her? Even if she can't come, she'll at least write and send her regrets".

These words were hardly out when a general untangling began on the sofa. In seconds all escape was cut off as George found himself face-to-face with a defiant ring of taunting voices.

"Go ahead!"

"Why I —— I just——"

"O, what's wrong, George, chicken?"

The last statement struck home and George perforce agreed to the terms. The next morning a group of eager witnesses saw the invitation posted, but few heard a muttered prayer as the envelope lit with a plop in the mailbox.

"I hope she remembers me," were George's fervent words.

* * * * *

A voice sang up the stairway, "You got a letter, George".

Down at the end of the hall a door shot open and footsteps were heard. After a week of expectant waiting, George had begun to lose hope, but now his eyes shone with feverish excitement. Of this particular letter's identity he had no doubt, for his standing with the local storekeepers did not embrace charge accounts, and he had received an anticlimactic letter from home the day before.

Could she come? As he hurried down the hallway, George had lovely visions of baby-blue stationery scented with lilacs, a feminine script, neatly and artistically rendered, and in words lovingly bestowed, her acceptance. He met her at the station, strode through crowds of awed schoolmates, her arm in his, proudly carrying her modish suitcase. He cleared a path through a mob of autograph seekers, allowing her safe passage. He auctioned dances at ceiling prices. And then at the Prom itself, his heart molten with golden ecstasy, he waltzed her round the floor with graceful ease, the filmy daintiness of her gown pressed close to his immaculate dinner clothes.

He proceeded cautiously down the stairs, preparing his heart for the ordeal ahead. The spirit of dancing filled him with a warm glow as already he felt himself carried away by the spell of music.

"Lover mine, I'll see you soon".

A flash of color entered the front door. Blonde-haired, blue-eyed Jack Flynn, dressed in loose-fitting sportcoat and hand-painted tie, started up the stairs, brushing George as he passed.

"Lo wait for me——"

"Hi Jack!"

"Oh hullo, George, didn't see you".

The well-proportioned figure disappeared upstairs, as sweet words rang through the hall.

"——neath the silvery moon."

George's gaze followed Flynn's ascent with due respect, for Jack, above and beyond his accomplishments on the playing field, was acknowledged to be an experienced conqueror of the fair sex, and George held a secret envy for him. He supposed he'd give Jack one of his dances, maybe two. He'd probably want more. Marcia would be sure to admire him, George reckoned, but of course he himself was taking her.

He felt the tap of heavy fingers on his shoulder and Jack cut in. He watched them move away slowly across the crowded floor, then turned to a seat against the wall. The next dance he had with Bob Dorsey's girl. Refreshments followed, but Marcia was surrounded by an eager group of admirers and he couldn't reach her. He tried to push through, but nobody would make way for him, so he retired to a corner and centered half-hearted attention on a glass of punch and some cake. When the dancing resumed, Jack was with Marcia, but somebody cut in on them. Another followed; then Jack was with her again. They were dancing close when he approached them to reclaim her. Her back was to him. She didn't see the look of contempt that Jack

gave him. He tried to reach out and tap Jack's shoulder, but another couple bumped into him and he stumbled. When he regained his feet she had disappeared.

He found her dancing with another fellow and he cut in. Jack wasn't around.

"Having a good time?"

He felt a tap on his shoulder and in a moment he was alone again. Suddenly he wanted to get away. He couldn't have Marcia and he felt sick. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a blonde-haired figure cut in on her and hold her close as they began dancing. The orchestra was playing "Stardust", but he hardly heard it. His head was whirling, and he saw a blur of tuxedos and evening dresses and electric lights, but Marcia had disappeared.

Slowly George crossed to his letter box and reached within. His trembling hand emerged with a white envelope, his name and address typed across the front. He ripped it open and his fingers grew suddenly calm as he read.

Miss Haley, unfortunately, is unable
to attend your school dance and has asked
fingers grew suddenly calm as he read:

Yours truly,

Philip Callahan

Agent

Jack Flynn came downstairs, and as he walked past, George's eyes followed him and stared defiantly at his broad shoulders.

“. . . NOT IN OUR STARS”

By R. W. Boeth

THE TAPERING clutch of the building swirled dizzily upward, reaching like some giant myrmicologist above the scurrying ant-hill which is New York. And, on a frail platform eighty-nine stories above the sickening concrete, I clung, terrorized by the grasping nothing below me. Others were walking about quite normally, peering over the edge with quaking bravado. But not I; I clung, and slowly pulled myself toward the razor-toothed edge.

I glanced over the sill: the focal point fell away, ripping my stomach with it. There, years below, were people, walking, blissfully unaware that a dark comet might crash into them from the very spot where I stood. I did not want to go over the edge, and I gripped tightly the stubborn cement.

The lights! Myriad microscopic rays hypnotically called like minute sirens from every nook where my eye sought escape for one saving instant. They overflowed onto the river from the cage where they were harnessed, and flickered and beckoned from the dodging ripples of the water. The river seemed to rise out of its bed; to my horror it grew closer and closer. It seemed to be all around me; when I closed my eyes, it was gone, smugly settled back in its ancient, self-built dwelling place. Unbelieving, I touched my face. It was beady wet!

Opening my eyes, I glanced furtively, just once, at the placid river, and then gazed beyond at the towns and villages scattered along its coast. For miles and miles the lights from these hamlets twinkled like fluorescent seed scattered over the countryside.

On the horizon, a sleeping star slowly woke and arose into the heavens. I followed it tenaciously as it tried to slip into the crowds of the sky. If New York has been called the great melting pot, how much more so must be the firmament, where journeyers from the corners of existence itself congregate in the sight of man. There, wondrous tales are halted, uncompleted, by listeners hovering, expectant, as some hitherto unknown traveler passes through on his never-ending voyage.

As I stared starward, an equal fascination to the one I had felt on my first glance from the parapet swept over me. But this was strangely different; for the darts of light from the sky instead of dragging me toward them cradled me upward toward their fiery peace. I glanced downward at the now aimlessly blinking lights of the city and knew that had they succeeded in luring me to their glittering artificiality, I would have plunged downward for but an inconsequential instant, and then would have been borne upward, to travel with The Stranger on his eternal journey through time.

HERO

By E. W. Keyes

I FIRST KNEW Niles Harwitch when he was a young, sallow-faced kid in a brown uniform, with one sleeve hanging empty and a chestful of medals like they called "fruit salad" in the last war. I stood on the curb of Main Street and watched him ride by in style, in the mayor's Model T, with Mister Kirby the mayor and Mr. Krogstad the banker flanking him and smiling at us and waving. The people of Salt Acres had declared a holiday just to see Niles Harwitch come home from the war, and there was a lot of shouting and laughing and old maids bawling and Mister Kirby and Mister Krogstad standing up and taking bows and acting like they done it all.

You see, Niles Harwitch was a Hero — the papers said so — and a Hero in Salt Acres, population 749, was something. Niles had wiped out a mess of bloody Huns in some place over in France that nobody could spell, and he'd lost an arm doing it. That made him a Hero in anybody's language. He was interviewed and photographed, and they had a picture of him framed and hung in the town hall, and he even had a citation from the President. So we had a holiday, and I closed the drugstore even though I really couldn't afford to lose the business, and I went out and yelled and waved

a flag and agreed with Lily Parker about how fine and handsome and brave he was.

Niles used to come up to the drugstore after he had settled down to live with his parents again, and he'd sit on one of the three red stools and tell us over and over again how he'd killed the Huns and lost his arm. No matter how many times he told it, somebody would ask him to tell it again, and I guess he was pretty proud of it. I would have been proud if I'd done something like he had, too, but I had weak eyes and couldn't get into the service. His story used to run something like this:

"I'm lying quiet in this trench, nice and peaceful, when I hear these bullets start to explode around me. And the first thing I know, a buddy of mine, Stan Slakowski, is hit. So I get kinda mad. I creep forward on my belly, inchin' my way, 'til I come to this trench. There's six Huns in there, shooting this big baby, and they seem to be enjoyin' themselves a lot. Me, I got no weapons but my rifle and a revolver, so I waits til they're busy with the gun, and then I fire. They was so scared they didn't know what was coming off. I got three before they knew what hit 'em, and then one of them pulls out a pistol and shoots me in the arm, but I'm so excited I don't notice it. We had a sort of a gun duel, and I shoots him, and then I had a real hand-to-hand tussel with this other lousy Hun, who's scared blue, only my arm is all shot to Hell so he has an advantage. But he slips on the mud in the trench and falls over backwards on top of his dead buddy; so I rammed my bayonet right through his guts. Then I guess I musta fainted. That's all I remember, until I wakes up in the hospital minus one arm."

The boys in the drug store would all look on in round-eyed amazement, and then Niles would order chocolate sodas all around (you see, Salt Acres was dry then), and he'd tell us more of his experiences in the war. He didn't seem to mind

too much about his arm, though of course it was pretty inconvenient. But I saw him out with Lily Parker one night after the show at the Bijou was through, and he seemed to be making up for his loss pretty well with the other one.

It wasn't long after that that Niles married Lily and they moved from Salt Acres to some place out of the state, and Mr. Kirby said what a shame it was that Salt Acres should lose such a promising young citizen. Niles wrote Mr. Kirby and his own mother and dad and his buddy Jimmy Gaffney for a while, and then we sort of lost track of Niles except when somebody found clippings like "Shining Young Lawyer wins 9th Straight" or "One-Armed Barrister has Ace up Sleeve" or something similar. There were pictures of him and Lily and their children in the roto section, and his name got in "Who's Who". So when Niles came back to Salt Acres in '32 it was an event. He came with Lily and his son and two daughters, and they stayed in the best hotel in town and they were wined and dined by everyone important including the new mayor Mister Puchelli and Jeff Krogstad, who had taken over his father's bank.

Niles came into the drug store one evening while I was rearranging the window display. I knew him right away, of course, and I noticed how his face had filled out and how he seemed more old and mature and successful, somehow. He remarked how the store had grown, and how there were two rows of seats and half a dozen booths now and a perfume counter and fountain pens and hot water bottles and such things that didn't really belong in a drug store at all. He sat down and he ordered a chocolate soda, just like he used to do, and after we'd exchanged all the news, he said,

"Remember how I used to come in and tell the fellows about my war experiences, Joe?"

I polished the marble top of the counter and nodded. I was noticing his sterling silver identification bracelet and the

diamond ring and tie clasp and the expensive watch. But I noticed that his hand was as sturdy and rough as it used to be when he was plowing on his father's farm.

Niles went on, "That was mostly a story, Joe. It didn't really happen that way at all."

I looked up. His voice didn't sound sincere like it used to; it reminded me a little of the medicine man that came to Salt Acres once and sold us lemon juice and a quart of water for fifty cents.

"Here's the way it really was, Joe. My buddy and I were talking across our fox-holes, when all of a sudden this slimy Hun got him with a machine gun. It was a pretty dirty trick I thought, and I guess I saw red for awhile. I got across the stretch of ground between the two trenches as quick as I could, and when I got to where the firing was coming from, I saw that there were eight of them there, and all I had was a revolver and a rifle. I shot three before they knew what the story was, and I winged another who ran away, but there were three closing in on me and I was out of ammunition. My arm was shot but I kept on fighting, even though the pain was something terrible, and I managed to knock one out with my gun barrel and stick the other with the bayonet before I passed out cold. I still don't know what happened to the other Hun. But that's the way it really was, Joe; God, my arm hurt!"

He drank up the last of the soda with a gurgle. I took the empty glass and washed and dried it and put it away, and then I said, "Why didn't you tell us the real story before?"

Niles got up and shrugged. "Modesty, I guess. But I figure now you might as well know what really happened." He started to walk away.

I called after him, "Aren't you planning to pay for the soda?" He turned, and fished in his pocket and pulled out a

dollar bill. I rang it up on the cash register and slid him the change across the counter. He left it lying there, and smiled.

"Sort of thought it might be on the house," he said.
"For old times."

I didn't say anything, and he walked out jauntily. I decided that maybe where his face had filled out was just flab, and I didn't like the way his new suit fitted just a little too well. He had said something about getting back to Lily and the kids, but I noticed he turned down the street to — well, it wasn't the hotel where they were staying.

The next years were swift and sudden and terrible ones. Salt Acres bloomed, and I enlarged the store, and Mr. and Mrs. Harwitch died, and the town hall burned down, and the Gilberts had triplets, and Sadie Lee's girl went to Hollywood and got to play in "Gone With the Wind." There was the War, too. And we read and heard about Niles, and what we read and heard wasn't good. He got mixed up somehow with a lady client who had a lot of money and a very respectable husband, and his son died, and Lily left him, and he lost a lot of money on the Street. He went from page one to page two to the back of the paper, and then we hardly heard of him at all. "Aged Attorney seen with Fan Dancer" was all we read for a long time, and people forgot about him; we had new heroes now in Salt Acres, and the name Niles Harwitch got blurred and faded on the Roll of Honor in front of the new brick Town Hall until you could hardly read it any more.

One day about a month ago I was putting some pencils and ink and stationery away on the shelves when the door opened and Niles Harwitch walked in. I knew him right away, even without taking into account the empty sleeve, but his face had thinned out and wrinkled and his hair was completely white and his walk was slower now and not so sure. I was surprised and pleased to see him, and he sat down at the

counter, and we talked about this and that while I made him a chocolate soda.

There were a couple of high school girls in loose sweatshirts and loafers eating ice cream sundaes, and Niles waited until they had finished and left the store before he said, "You know, Joe, you've been the only person in town that knew me or spoke to me since I've been back here."

I could understand that, but I said, "You've been away a long time, Niles. There's a lot of new faces in Salt Acres these days; it's a thriving town. The war plants over in the West End really brought us a lot of business."

"Don't talk like the Chamber of Commerce," Niles said. Then he added, more softly, "I've been away too long."

"How's the lawyerin' business?" I asked.

"It isn't," he said. "I've just come back from Reno, giving Lily a legal divorce. Now she won't have to worry."

I noticed that the identification bracelet was gone and the ring was gone and the suit he wore was frayed and didn't fit too well. But he still had the expensive watch, and his tie was tied just right.

Niles hitched himself around the stool, and said, "Remember, Joe, what I told you once about what I did in the War?"

I was sorting spoons and forks into their metal containers, and I said, "Yeah."

"That was a mess of bunk," he said. "I'll give it to you straight. My buddy Stan Slakowski and I were talking to each other in our trenches, when all of a sudden he crumpled up from a mess of machine gun fire. I was scared blue. I tried to run away, and the first thing I knew I was on top of a bunch of Germans — there couldn't have been more than four of them. My only reaction was to get out of that place, and I must have gone slightly beserk; anyway I kept

shooting, and I killed two of them and one other ran away and there was just this one German and I left. My arm had been all shot to Hell. I didn't notice it then, though, and I kept on fighting; but all of a sudden the other guy slipped in the muck and fell and twisted his leg and couldn't get up. He lay there on the ground and he begged me for mercy; he begged in English, too — better English than I was able to speak at that time. He cried how he had been against the war from the beginning and how he'd been forced into it and how he'd do anything for me if I'd let him go. But I didn't. I just laughed — laughed — and rammed the bayonet into his guts. I had him at my mercy, and I rammed the bayonet into his guts."

I didn't look at Niles for a long moment. The only sound in the store was the tapping of his spoon against the side of his soda glass.

Finally I said, "I'm glad you told me the real story, Niles, but why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I don't know," he said; "bravado, I guess. But now you understand."

"Yes," I said; "now I understand."

He got up to leave. He reached into his pocket and took out a faded wallet with his initials engraved on it, but the gold was beginning to wear off. Then he counted out two dimes and a nickel and laid them on the counter.

I didn't take them. Instead I looked at him and said, "That was on the house, fella. For old times."

But he left the coins lying there. He said, "No, Joe, it's never on the house. You have to pay for everything, sometime."

He walked slowly across the floor and opened the door; the hot afternoon sunlight enveloped him for a moment and then he was gone.

ANTIQUES

By P. L. B. Sourian

WHAT A day! The clearest, most beautiful fall afternoon ever, I thought to myself, as we walked briskly down the street. A mild breeze poked the autumn leaves down past the gnarled parent branches onto the cool moist earth below. Saturday, the end of a long hard week of X + 2s and 'Je ne sais pas' and the beginning of forty-eight hours of luscious boredom spent, for the most part, in sleeping. We turned a corner and there before us stood a little house with green shutters and fresh white paint, right in the middle of Appleton, the dullest town that ever existed. A sign on the clapboarding read:

First owned by Squire John Welter

Built in 1783

Probably the oldest house in the village

ANTIQUES

For some reason I wanted to go in. "Come on, let's see what's inside."

"I'm not interested in seeing a hoard of junk, but if you feel like it, go ahead." He smiled and went on. I walked up to the door and rapped hesitantly.

"Why didn't I go with Al? Once I get in there I'll never be able to get out without buying something."

"Oh, hello! Won't you come in?" An old wrinkled woman quite suddenly appeared in the doorway, disturbing my train of thought. I murmured, "Yeah," in the customary schoolboy manner. As I walked in, I must have looked as if I thought something was going to bite me: it did. Where there was light and light without, there was nothing but darkness within. The vast stores of what many people would call junk, as Al had done, were that timelessly aged woman's companions: vases, milkglass black with dirt, leatherbound volumes lying awkwardly on shelves that barely held their weight, tattered newspapers plastered all over the walls, old prints hanging awry—Whistler's Mother, The Last Supper—all presented the most complete collection of useless, vaguely interesting mementoes of the past that I have ever seen. "Here," she said in her small, high voice, looking up at me in anticipation, "is a piece from Czechoslovakia." I couldn't help seeing the cold, hard block-letters staring me in the face, MADE IN JAPAN. But I wouldn't admit to myself that she was lying. I don't know why. "You know old Ben Pierce, don't you," she grinned, pointing a skinny finger up at a torn, dust-encrusted canvas. I said, "No; I don't;" and she answered with what seemed a plaintive, "Oh!" After I had inquired about the prices of several things which were all too expensive, she presented me with an ancient beercan which she saw me admiring. I thanked her and made an ungainly exit.

Time passed, and soon I had returned to school after the Christmas vacation, during which I had completely forgotten the house with "the green shutters and fresh white paint." One late afternoon when I was hurrying downtown on some forgettable errand, I passed the house again. Immediately everything that had happened that Fall rattled through my mind, like an express train speeding through a sleepy town. I stopped and peered through the curtain of falling snow at that hearthstone of all that is useless and outdated. How it

had changed! A shutter had broken off one of its hinges and hung precariously by the other; a glass windowpane had been broken and was stuffed with old rags and paper; a Christmas wreath still dangled from the doorknocker — in February. How dark and dreary it had been inside before, when everything outdoors was cool and fresh and clear. Now, when the heavy blanket of snow and darkness obscures everything, when the house itself is in utter decay outside, think of the gloom which must prevail within. I walked slowly, deliberately, up to the door and knocked several times before a younger woman opened merely to say, "Miss Welter is desperately ill; I'm sure you won't mind." I shuffled away, stopping only to read the inviting sign again:

First owned by Squire John Welter

Built in 1785

Probably the oldest house in the village

ANTIQUES

Some incredibly humorous little character had scratched out *house* and written over it, in pencil, *person*, for his little laughing friends. Maybe I would have done the same thing, if I hadn't . . .



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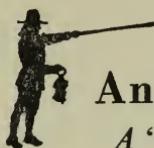
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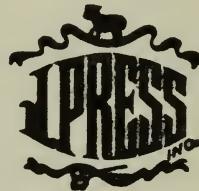


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Year after year for upwards of forty-six years, J. PRESS productions have formed an integral part of the college scene. Their appeal has been universal and their good style and fine quality unapproached. The new season will find J. PRESS again the headquarters for the best and widest ranges of British woolens, for clothes cut to individual order, for English made topcoats, overcoats and weatherproofs, for ready-to-wear specialties such as flannel and covert slacks, odd jackets, and suits, as well as the sole agency for J. PRESS hats and for famous old world suppliers of furnishings of every kind.

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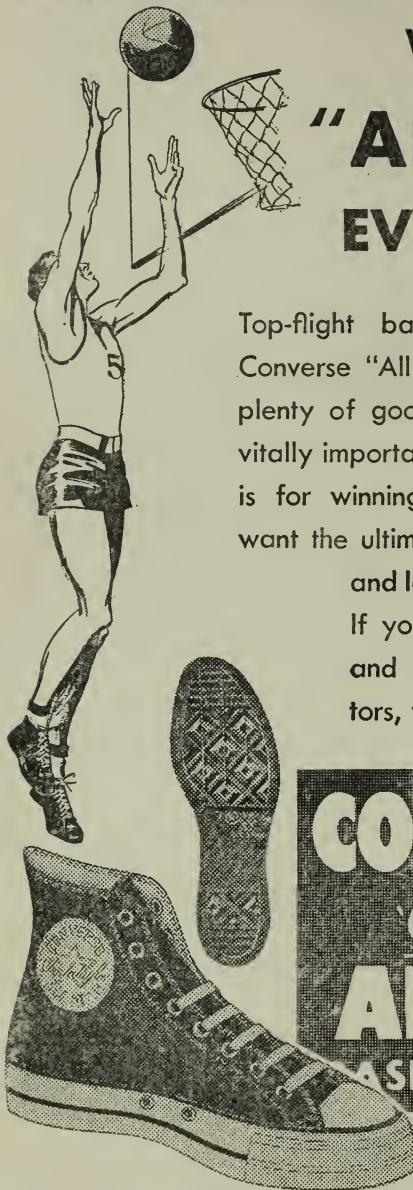
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DINNER: 5:30 - 8:00

SUNDAY: 12:00 - 8:00

BUFFET SUPPER: 5:30 - 8:00

BUFFET LUNCH: 12:00 to 2:00 DAILY



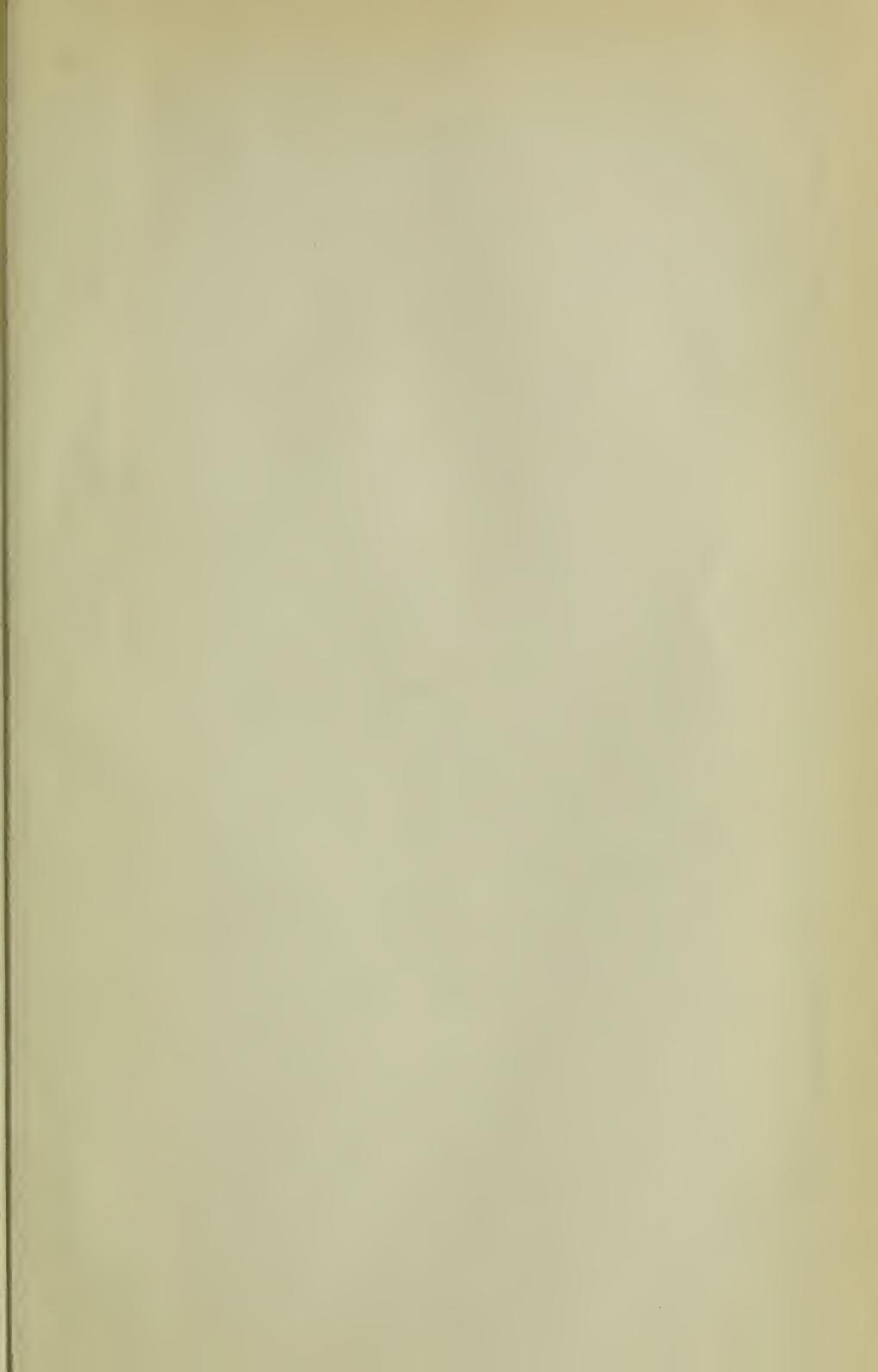
CLOSED TUESDAYS

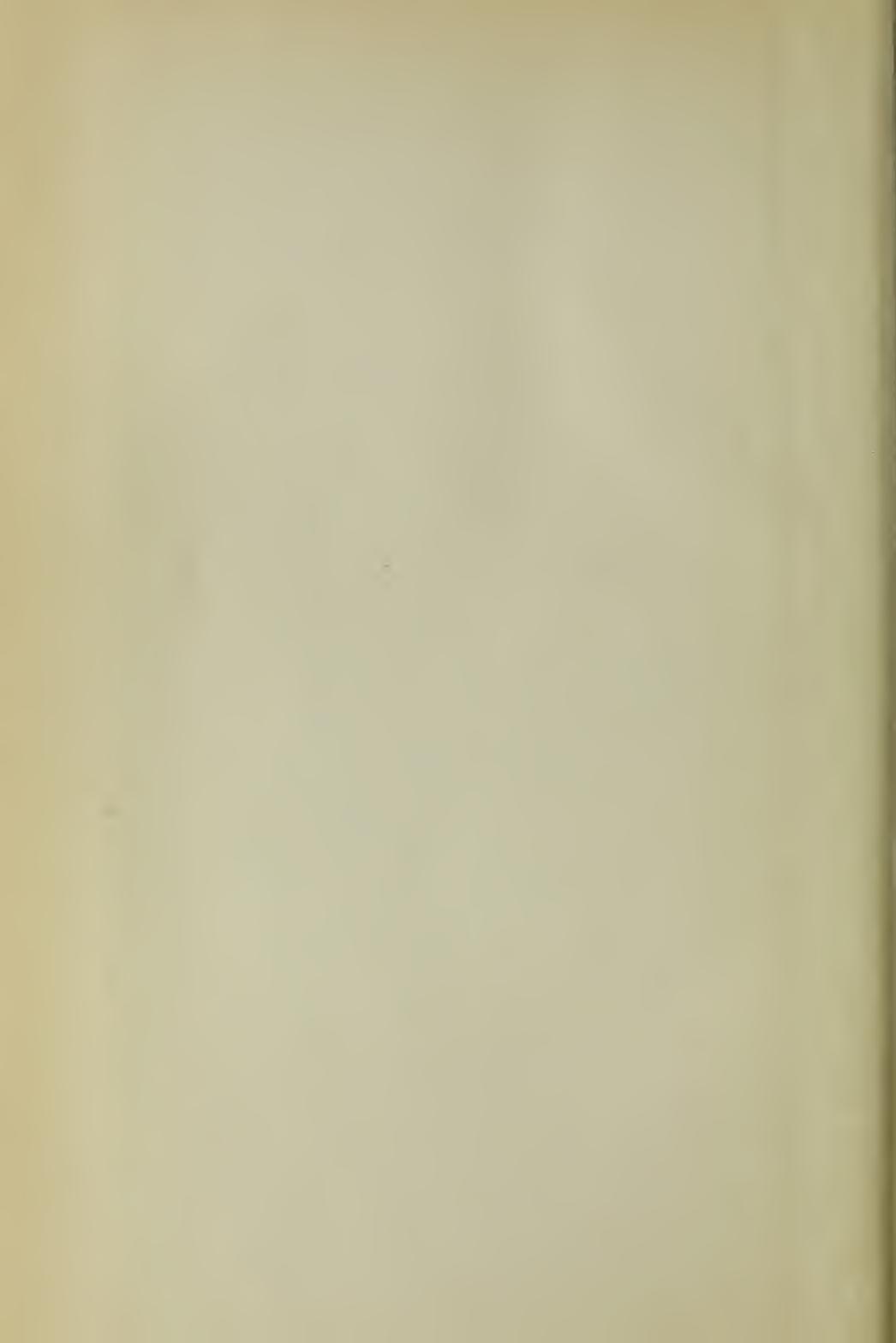


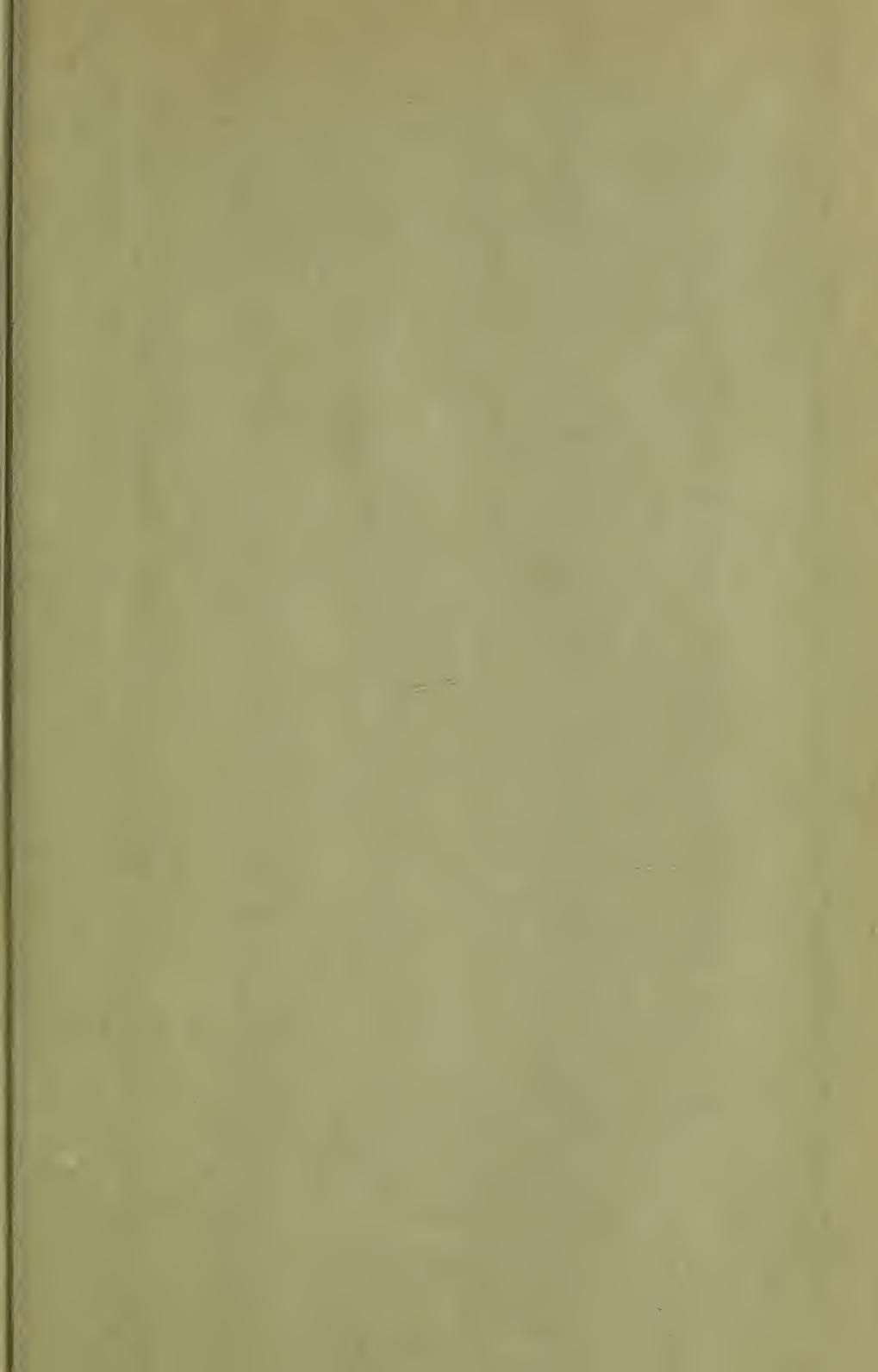
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